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## MEMOIR OF SIMON BOLIVAR, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

NATIONAL independence is, perhaps, more frequently owing to the talents and virtues of individuals than to any exertion of the people. Had there not been a Washington, North America might still have been a British colony; and were it not for Bolivar, there can be little doubt that a viceroy of the beloved Ferdinand would now be the ruling authority in Venezuela and New Grenada. It is true that the people must be disposed to liberty before they can be made free; but it is equally true that the majority of nations are now enslaved, not because they wanted patriotism, but because they had no liberator.

So few men have been great without being criminal, that the names of Kosciusko and Washington are almost the only ones amongst the moderns which demand the veneration of mankind. To these have now been added, by universal consent, that of Simon Bolivar; and, if we estimate their respective characters by the difficulties they have surmounted, we think the greatest praise must be given to the President of Colombia; for he has been more successful than the patriot of Poland, and had much more to contend with than the hero of the United States. North America was peopled, previous to the revolution, by men who were disposed, from a variety of causes, to a republican form of government. Persecution had forced either themselves or their fathers from Europe; and, as the professors of the many religions into which the country was divided had established the utmost toleration, the whole had learned to appreciate the value of unrestricted liberty; while the emulation which existed among the different sects to demonstrate the independence of their principles, contributed in no small degree to generate that noble enthusiasm which animated the great body of the people.

The reverse of this was in some measure to be found in South America.

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rica. Religious toleration was unknown there, and the parent country sedulously exerted itself to exclude the people from all knowledge of other states. A European Spaniard ranked far above an American Spaniard; and the contempt in which the creoles were held helped to keep the people in degradation, while it strengthened the general idea of the superiority of those born in old Spain. Popular opinion was thus in favour of the mother country. The king was regarded with blind veneration, and the clergy were of course not disposed to favour any change. Their love of peace, and abhorrence of bloodshed, would make them view with suspicion any indication to overthrow the established institutions of the country, even were they not influenced by an excusable prejudice, or a pardonable selfishness. The lower orders, too, enjoyed comparative independence, and, from the nature of their happy climate, and the thinness of population, the necessaries of life were procured with little trouble; and to all luxuries they were utter strangers. They were too ignorant to understand the advantages of independence; and, in addition to this, few as were their numbers, they were divided into separate castes, far from being friendly to each other. The Indians form at least one third of the population; and from the intermarriages of the Spaniards and Africans with these, have originated a mixed race, combining nearly all shades of colour; while the various races, castes, half castes, &c. view each other with feelings of hostility which cannot be appreciated in Europe. In the United States of America, it has been well observed, the population, with the exception, of course, of the slaves and a limited number of people of colour, retains, generally, an unmixed character; the Indians there, as civilization advances, are continually driven beyond its pale; and neither the emigration of Europeans (not being natives of the British

Empire,) nor any other cause, has been sufficient to turn aside the original impress of British government and law, given at the time of the first colonization: all the elements that enter into the internal system of polity of the United States are decidedly British, but combined, in some respects, in a different manner, in consequence of the circumstances under which their independence was established, and of the difference between a new country and an old one. In the United States, also, the agricultural system differs but little, or at least not in essential points, from that of Europe,—requiring, as it does, continual labour and attention; and in other respects the feelings and habits of the population are similar to those, speaking generally, of the inhabitants of Europe.

In Spanish America, on the contrary, there are many striking points of difference. There, the population has become varied and intermingled, passing through a variety of shades and hues of colour; and comprising different races, with separate sets of feelings and habits attached to each. The original settlement of the country, founded, as it was, in sanguinary conquest, and supported by tyranny, left no room for the introduction of any good system of government; and though, subsequently, the subordinate framework and machinery of the internal polity of Spain were made applicable in her colonies, there never existed amongst the population of the latter, that identity of interest, and that unison of feeling, which were

apparent amongst the people of the British provinces in North America.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles to the emancipation of the country, efforts have been made, from time to time, during the last sixty years, to throw off the yoke of Spain; but the honour of having matured a rational plan of independence, and which ultimately led to the establishment of freedom, is due to the brave but unfortunate Miranda. This patriot came to Europe in the latter part of the last century, and served, for some time, under Dumourier, in the Netherlands, for the purpose of qualifying himself for the undertaking which engrossed his whole soul. The different cabinets of Europe occasionally held out hopes of assistance, but the events which then rapidly succeeded each other frustrated all his plans. In 1806, however, he headed an expedition to Caraccas, which proved unsuccessful; but, strange as it may appear, the blind veneration of the South Americans for the government of Spain at length afforded him an opportunity to put his plans into operation. The viceroys and their dependants, like all similar tools of power, understood loyalty to mean a devotion to the powers that be; and, accordingly, devoted themselves to the service of Joseph Buonaparte, with as much zeal as they formerly manifested for Charles. The people, however, could not endure this: they revolted; and, in their contest with the civil authorities, were awakened from their false notions of Spanish excellence. In the Cortes\* of Spain

\* Had the governing and legislative authorities of Spain, says a recent traveller, adopted, and acted upon, a liberal system of policy towards the then colonies, it is impossible to say, whether they might not have enlisted on their side so large a proportion of the population of Spanish America, that those who desired, at all events, to render their country independent, would have been unable to accomplish their object.

On the contrary, however, nothing was done for the colonies, except in words: it is true that a share in the representation was conceded to them; but to the Spanish Americans this proved a mere vain and useless toy: their representatives in the Cortes, forming, as they did, a minority, were unable, at any time, to persuade the majority, consisting of European Spaniards, to redress any of the grievances of their constituents, or, in the slightest degree, to mitigate the weight of oppression which had so long burdened the inhabitants of Spanish America. Not only this, but insult was frequently added to injury; thus in the first Cortes which assembled at Cadiz, the Spanish members, whilst they were eagerly anxious to obtain the freedom of their own country, seemed equally solicitous, in the same breath, to enslave the Spanish Americans. Some of them even betrayed a malignity which, impolitic as it was, to say the least of it, considering that they were speaking in the presence and hearing of the American members, who formed part of the Cortes, was rendered supremely ridiculous by its impotence. It was said by one, "If the Americans complain of having been tyran-

they found as implacable and as vindictive an enemy as in their deputies; and, as the mother country disdained conciliation, the government resorted to the most cruel tyranny to compel obedience to its laws. Thus were the ties of affection and prejudices rent asunder, and the foundation of South American independence laid.

Still Spain had many friends in the New World; and when the dreadful earthquake of 1812 destroyed the city of Caracas, and ten thousand of its inhabitants, some of the clergy so far forgot themselves as to mount their pulpits for the purpose of impressing upon the ignorant multitude an idea, that the dreadful visitation which they had witnessed was a punishment inflicted by Heaven for their disloyalty; and, in confirmation of this, pointed out the coincidence of its having taken place on the anniversary of the insurrection. The awful catastrophe thus converted into a token of Divine wrath disconcerted the people, and they seemed inclined once more to return to obedience. The royalists availed themselves of the opportunity, and quickly repossessed themselves of the province of Venezuela, from which they had been driven. Disasters now succeeded each other; Miranda was defeated, and obliged to capitulate. In defiance of the treaty, however, he was arrested and sent to Spain, where he died in prison. The cause of independence now appeared hopeless, but happily the people found a general who led them to victory, in the person of Simon Bolivar.

This distinguished man was born at Caracas about the year 1785; and, being descended from a family of distinction, he was allowed—a permission then granted to few—to visit Spain for the purpose of concluding his studies. He subsequently travelled through France, Italy, and England; and as he had early resolved on liberating his country, he paid particular attention to every thing re-

lating to polities and the military art. On his return to Madrid he married the daughter of the Marquis of Ustariz, and soon after sailed for America. He arrived in his native country just at the moment when the flag of independence was unfurled; but, as he disapproved of the course pursued by the Congress of Venezuela, he took no part in public affairs until subsequent to the earthquake, when he hastened to the assistance of Miranda, and obtained the governorship of Puerto Cabello, with the rank of colonel.

On the restoration of the Spanish authority in Venezuela, nothing was dreamed of but to inspire terror and to inflict punishment, but these measures recoiled upon the tyrants: the earthquake was forgotten, and the people flew to arms to repel that inhuman oppression which left them no hope except what is founded in resistance.

In the mean time Bolivar had obtained from the Congress of New Grenada the command of a body of troops, with whom he crossed the Andes, on the side of the provinces of Tunja and Pamplona, and approached the river Tachira, the boundary of New Grenada. Having surprised and dispersed the royalists at Cucuta, Colonel Nicolas Briceno was sent from thence with some officers, by Bolivar, to Guadualito, where he raised some cavalry, and invaded the province of Barinas; whilst Bolivar took possession of the department of Merida, after having defeated the royalists at La Grita. Briceno, however, having been completely defeated by the Spaniards, and himself and seven of his officers taken prisoners, he was soon afterwards executed by the order of Tiscar, the Governor of Barinas; and eight of the most respectable persons in the town, charged with facilitating his enterprize, were shot. It was upon this occasion that Bolivar, exasperated by the unworthy fate of his companion in arms, declared that

nized over for three hundred years, they shall now experience a similar treatment for three thousand." By another it was said, after the battle of Albufera, "I am rejoiced at the advantage we have gained, because we can now send troops to reduce the insurgents;" and by a third, "I do not know to what class of beasts the Americans belong."

The annihilation of this legislative body, can hardly be regretted.

every Spanish prisoner of war, who should thereafter fall into his power, should be given up to the resentment of the patriots. This threat, however, extorted from him, as it were, by the cruelty of the royalists, was only realized afterwards in one instance.

His army having considerably increased, he soon after defeated Monteverde, at Losaguanes, and then advanced upon Caraccas, where the people impatiently expected his arrival; and, having driven the royalists before him, entered that city on the 4th of August, 1813, amidst public rejoicings. Marino having been equally successful in the eastern provinces, the entire region of Venezuela, with the exception of Puerto Cabello, was free from the Spanish yoke.

Bolivar, ever awake to the call of humanity, proposed to the Spanish generals an exchange of prisoners, but this offer was haughtily declined; and when he subsequently sent the good priest Salvador Garcia to Salomon for a similar purpose, the reverend messenger was treated with indignity and thrown into prison, at Puerto Cabello. This royalist was succeeded by Istueta, who, proceeding still further in the career of atrocity, in order to prevent the besiegers from firing upon his line, placed the patriot prisoners so as to be exposed to the discharges from their batteries; at night these unfortunate men were thrown into pontoons, where, at one time, nearly fifty died from suffocation. The patriot forces, by way of retaliation, placed the royalist prisoners in front of their line. This horrid emulation in barbarity was again kept up by the royalists' conducting four of their prisoners, namely, Pellin, Osorio, Pointet, and Manuel Pulido, in front of the patriot encampment, in order to put them to death, by shooting them.

The siege, however, of Puerto Cabello was continued both by sea and land, by Bolivar, who confided the command of the besiegers to D'Eluyar. The patriots soon obtained possession of the greater part of the town, but the fort or citadel still held out; and though the garrison were in want of provisions, and the soldiers very sickly, the royalist officers refused all terms of capitulation.

Bolivar, deterred from attempting to storm it, by the immense loss of men which must have been the result, contented himself with merely investing the fortress.

The campaign this year was eminently successful, but the people of Caraccas became extremely jealous of the dictatorship exercised by Bolivar, particularly as many of his subordinates had abused the authority entrusted to them. At first he thought the good of the public required his retaining his power, but as every thing rested on his continuing popular, he formally resigned, on the 2d of January 1814, the supreme authority which he held. This step restored him the confidence of his countrymen, who once more invested him with dictatorial power, at the same time styling him *Libertador de Venezuela*.

The agents of the Spaniards now succeeded in raising the slaves against their masters, and placed them under the command of Boves, Yenez, Rosette, Puy, and Palomo; the first four were Spaniards, and the last a Negro. The consequences of this proceeding were cold-blooded atrocities without a parallel in history. Five hundred of the inhabitants of Barinas were shot, and, in a few days after, the remainder of the people were massacred. This conduct of the royalists so exasperated Bolivar, that, contrary to his usual forbearance, he ordered eight hundred of his prisoners to be executed. The consequence of this was a dreadful retaliation on the part of the Spaniards, by whom all the patriot prisoners confined at Puerto Cabello were shot.

Bolivar, in the midst of these shocking scenes, was pursuing a more honourable species of warfare; he successively defeated his opponents, and compelled them to raise the siege of Valencia. At San Mateo, where he obtained an advantage over the royalists, an act of the most devoted and heroic courage was performed by a patriot officer, a youth named Ricaute, of one of the most distinguished families at Bogotá. He was appointed to guard a powder-magazine at San Mateo, when that place was attacked by the royalists on the 25th of March 1814: the latter sent a strong detachment of troops to attack the ma-

gazine, expecting to take it by surprise whilst the armies were fighting at some distance. Ricaute, perceiving the impossibility of making any effectual resistance, ordered his soldiers to join the army, remaining himself alone to defend the magazine: the royalists took possession of the building, and having discovered Ricaute, were on the point of seizing him, when the latter igniting the powder, an instantaneous explosion took place, and himself and the royalist soldiers were all buried beneath the ruins.

Victory had given Bolivar too much confidence, he divided his forces, and, while in his weak state, was attacked and compelled to retire. The inhabitants of Los Llanos openly declared for the royal cause; and, having suffered other reverses, he considered the cause of independence for the present as lost. He retired to Cartagena, but nothing could damp his ardent patriotism. After some little time he repaired to Tunja, where the Congress of New Grenada was sitting, and received directions to compel the city of Bogotá to acknowledge its authority. This he accomplished, but his efforts were in other respects unavailing: Morillo arrived with reinforcements from Spain; the patriots quarrelled amongst themselves; and Bolivar, that he might not be a party

in their disputes, quitted the army and retired to Jamaica.\*

The hopes of the independents had nearly vanished, when the arrogance of the Spanish authorities once more disgusted the provinces. Parties of guerillas were formed, and a harassing warfare was kept up. Still the cause wore an unpromising appearance, when Bolivar, in conjunction with Brion, formed, in 1816, an expedition for Margarita. On his arrival there he made himself master of Carupano; and, as every thing depended on awakening the dormant spirit of independence, he circulated a strong manifesto throughout Caraccas; but its effects were far from cheering, for, having set a noble example of disinterestedness by emancipating his own slaves, and enrolling them in the ranks of volunteers,† the wealthy colonists became alarmed lest they should be compelled to lose their slaves, and, in their anxiety for their plantations, betrayed the cause of their country.

Having again committed the mistake of dividing his force, he suffered a defeat at Ocumara, and returned to Aux Cayis, from whence he sailed once more with reinforcements, landed at Margarita in December, 1816, and issued a proclamation for convoking the general congress of Venezuela. He then proceeded to Barce-

\* When Bolivar retired from Cartagena, at the time it was besieged by Morillo, he proceeded to Jamaica for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain whatever supplies were to be met with, in order to render every possible aid to the patriot cause. Some Spaniards who had taken up their residence in that island, and who equally hated and dreaded Bolivar, formed the horrible project of procuring his assassination. To effect this diabolical purpose, they bribed a negro, who was to watch his opportunity, and, stealing upon the patriot chief while he was asleep, to despatch him without any noise. This wretch, under cover of the darkness of the night, entered the house where Bolivar had fixed his abode, and reaching his usual bed-room, he silently approached a hammock, and stabbed to the heart the individual lying there, who immediately expired. The unfortunate man, however, who was thus assassinated, proved to be, not Bolivar, but his private secretary; the former having, on that very morning, removed to another house. The murderer was almost immediately apprehended, and a few days afterwards hanged: he confessed having been bribed by some Spaniards to perpetrate the deed, —but through, as it appeared, the guarded manner in which they had communicated with him, he was unable to state their names; suspicion, however, rested upon some Spaniards who a few days previously had quitted the island. Bolivar, on hearing of the assassination of his secretary, exclaimed, 'The Spaniards by their crimes hasten the completion of our independence: the certainty of this is a consolation under my present heart-rending affliction.'

† In his installation speech, February the 15th, 1819, Bolivar emphatically expressed his opinion of slavery. 'I leave,' said he, 'to your sovereign authority the reform or repeal of all my ordinances, statutes, and decrees; but I implore you to confirm the complete emancipation of the slaves; as I would beg my life, or the salvation of the Republic. The Colombian Congress banished slavery from their dominions by their law which declared all children born hereafter in Colombia free.'

Iona, where he organized a provincial government. In the following March he defeated the royalists in two engagements; and Morillo, on his retreat, was encountered and discomfited by General Paez; a man to whom independence has been hitherto much indebted. Towards the close of this year Bolivar was chosen supreme director of Venezuela, and fixed his head quarters at Angostura. On the last day of December he ascended the Orinoco, and, after a march of two and forty days, appeared before Calabozo, and forced Morillo to abandon the place. The independents were equally successful in other places; and, on the 15th of February 1819, Bolivar presided at the opening of the Congress of Venezuela, where he submitted his plan of a republican government, and urged the union of New Grenada and Venezuela under one constitution—a recommendation which has been since acted upon. He also solemnly laid down his authority, but retained the command of the army. In eleven days afterwards he set out for New Grenada in search of Morillo, where a succession of splendid victories, to which British and Irish valour mainly contributed, placed nearly the whole of this fine province in the hands of the patriots, and on the 17th of December 1819, Bolivar having returned, amidst the joyous acclamations of his fellow-countrymen, to Venezuela, the dearest wish of his heart was gratified, by its being decreed that New Grenada and Venezuela should form one undivided commonwealth, under the title of the Republic of Colombia. A new city, bearing the name of Bolivar, was ordered to be constructed, and to be the capital of the new republic; and the general Congress of Colombia was directed to assemble at Cucuta on the 1st of January 1821.

Bolivar again left Angostura on the 24th of December, in order to finish the great work of entirely emancipating Colombia. The army of the east, under the command of Arismendi and Bermudez, marched to Calabozo, to effect a junction with Bolivar and Paez, the latter having been also joined in November by the division of Soublette.

Early in 1820, a proclamation was

addressed by Ferdinand the VIIth to his Spanish American subjects; and, soon after its arrival in America, Morillo sent a letter, on the 17th of June, to the Congress assembled at Angostura, proposing a reconciliation. The Congress, however, and Bolivar insisted upon an acknowledgment of the independence of Colombia; and after some further correspondence, the commissioners sent by Spain, having no power to treat upon that basis, were not received.

Soon after this, an armistice, for six months, was agreed upon between Bolivar and Morillo, on the 25th of November,—it being understood that deputies on both sides were to proceed to Spain, with a view to a final arrangement. The most important feature in this treaty, or agreement, which otherwise led to nothing, was the stipulation,—that in the event of the renewal of hostilities, the warfare should be regulated ‘in conformity with the rights of man, and the most generous, wise, and humane practices among civilized nations.’ Some remarkable circumstances also attended the conclusion of this armistice: Generals Bolivar and Morillo embraced each other, passed a day together in the most friendly manner, and afterwards slept in the same room.

Morillo shortly afterwards sailed for Spain in the corvette Descubierta, accompanied by the two Colombian deputies, or commissioners, who had been appointed by the republic to arrange matters with the Cortes.

The meeting of the general Congress of Colombia, which was to have taken place at Cucuta on the 1st of January 1821, was, in consequence of the delays which occurred in assembling the deputies, postponed till the 1st of May.

The province of Cuenca declared its independence in January 1821, as did soon afterwards the districts of Ilambato, Rio Camba, and Quaronda; and the republic of Colombia received the accession of the province of Rio de la Hacha.

In reply to a letter of Bolivar, dated the 10th of March 1821, stating the necessity for recommencing hostilities, unless the Spanish government acceded to his just and reasonable demands, La Torre, who had succeeded Morillo as Spanish commander-in-

chief, stated, that in conformity with the twelfth article of the armistice, hostilities would recommence on the 28th of April. Morales and La Torre collected all their forces, and concentrated them about Valencia and Calabozo, leaving Caraccas unprotected, which was in consequence, after some parley, taken possession of by Bermudez on the 15th of May; but the patriots were driven out again on the 25th of the same month by the royalists, under the command of Morales, who then proceeded to Valencia to join La Torre, leaving Colonel Pereira, with fifteen hundred men, to protect Caraccas.

Bolivar and Paez effected a junction in Varinas, and proceeded towards Valencia. On the 24th of June the battle of Carabobo was fought, in which the royalists were completely defeated, and their army very nearly destroyed; and which, with regard to the independence of Colombia, may be considered as decisive. The remnant of the royalist forces took refuge, after the battle, at Puerto Cabello.

Bolivar then turned his attention to Caraccas, whither he marched with four thousand men, and which place he entered by capitulation on the 4th of July. He also adopted measures to prevent the incursions of the enemy from Puerto Cabello.

On the 1st of October, this extraordinary man, on being called upon to take the oath as President of Colombia, addressed a letter to the President of the Congress, earnestly desiring to be excused from serving in that capacity; but he was over-ruled by them. On taking the oath, he delivered a speech, of which follows a curious sample:—‘I am the son of war, the man whom battles have raised to the magistracy. Fortune has sustained me in this rank, and victory has confirmed it. But these titles are not those which are consecrated by justice, by the welfare and wishes of the nation. The sword which has governed Colombia is not the balance of Astrea—it is the scourge of the Genius of Evil, which sometimes Heaven permits to descend to the earth for the punishment of tyrants and the admonition of the people. The sword will be of no use

on the day of peace; and that shall be the last of my power, because that I have sworn it within myself—because there can be no republic when the people are not secure in the exercise of their own powers. A man like me is a dangerous citizen in a popular government—is a direct menace to the national sovereignty. I wish to become a citizen, in order to be free, and that all may be so too. I prefer the title of Citizen to that of Liberator, because this emanates from war—that from the laws. Exchange, sir, all my honours for that of a good citizen.’

The Congress assembled at Cucuta on the 1st of May; Antonio Barino, the Vice-president of the republic, presiding at its opening. A plan of constitution was reported by the committee of legislation, on the 3d of July; and on the 30th of August the constitution itself was published.

Thus was constituted the republic of Colombia, which comprises the north-west section of the immense peninsula of South America, including the Isthmus of Panama;—bounded on the north by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by Peru, on the east by the British possessions of Essequibo and the back settlements of Brazil, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean and the republic of Guatemala; having two thousand miles of sea-coast on the Atlantic, and one thousand two hundred on the Pacific,—containing a superficies of nine hundred thousand square miles, being of seven times greater extent than the British Isles; possessing, however, only about two millions and a half of inhabitants.

The Spanish authority was soon after this completely annihilated, and the independence of Colombia acknowledged both by the United States, and Great Britain. Though it is to be apprehended that permanent tranquillity, for many reasons, is not to be expected for some time in South America, there is a confident assurance that the dominion of Spain is gone for ever.

When the independence of his country had been established, Bolivar set out for Peru, to aid the cause of man in that province, where his military talents have been again crowned with victory. In all probability re-

cent events will induce him to return immediately to Colombia.

We shall conclude this sketch of his political career, by extracting a few anecdotes from a work\* to which we have been indebted for many of the foregoing facts.

'At the battle of the Pantano de Bargas, Bolivar was the only individual who was conspicuously dressed; he wore during the whole action a large scarlet cloak, similar to that used by our life-guards.

'At Boyacá, he was dressed in a jacket and pantaloons of scarlet and gold. After the enemy were beaten out of the field, he followed them with a squadron of cavalry and some infantry, to Ventequemada, four leagues from the scene of action, himself being constantly foremost, with a trumpeter by his side, whom he frequently ordered to sound the advance. He by this means took a number of prisoners, and on his arrival at Ventequemada, found himself attended by only seven lancers, the rest having gone back with prisoners. At this place, he slept at one end of a counter, whilst his horse was eating maize at the other. He often laughingly said, that he owed the fruits of this victory to the sounding of the trumpet.

'Colonel Rocke, an Englishman, having been one night robbed of all his baggage in the plains of the Apure, complained of it to Bolivar, who, unable to recover what had been lost, divided his own stock with him, giving him two pair of trowsers and two shirts; Bolivar himself having only four of each.

'Colonel Mackintosh, an officer who highly distinguished himself in the Colombian service, relates the following: "On the expedition to New Grenada, in 1819, we had a number of rapid mountain-torrents to pass: in order to cross those which were not fordable, we dragged along two small canoes, fastened to the tails of horses, by means of which we were sometimes enabled to make a bridge; at other times they were used to carry over the troops, arms, &c. whilst those soldiers who had learnt the art of swimming, swam through the water. Upon all these occasions, Bolivar was very active, himself set-

ting the example of labour, and frequently working harder than any common soldier. On passing rapid rivers where there were fords, he was constantly to be seen assisting the men over, to prevent their being carried away by the force of the torrent; and carrying on his own horse ammunition, arms, and pouches. Whenever, in short, there was any obstacle to be overcome, he was constantly on the spot, both directing others, and affording the example of his own personal exertions, which always had the desired effect."

'Bolivar is a good swimmer, an elegant dancer, and fond of music: he is a very pleasant companion at table; neither smokes nor takes snuff, nor does he ever taste spirits.

'He endeavours to check the flattery with which he is not unfrequently assailed. At a ball which he gave, a lady rendered herself very conspicuous by loading him with obsequious and importunately fulsome adulation. Bolivar at length said to her, in a mild but firm tone: "Madam, I had previously been informed of your character, and now I perceive it myself. Believe me, a servile spirit recommends itself to no one, and in a lady is highly to be despised."

'The following affords some highly characteristic traits—"At a magnificent public dinner given to Bolivar at Bogotá, one of the company, when called upon for a toast, gave—"Should at any time a monarchical government be established in Colombia, may the liberator, Simon Bolivar, be the Emperor." A high-spirited public character, Señor Pépe Paris, then requested permission to give a toast, which being acceded to, he filled his glass, and exclaiming—"Should Bolivar, at any future period, allow himself to be declared Emperor, may his blood flow from his heart in the same manner as the wine now does from my glass,"—he poured the wine out of his glass upon the floor. Bolivar immediately sprang from his chair, ran to Señor Paris, and most warmly embracing him, exclaimed, "If such feelings as those declared by this honourable man shall always animate the breasts of the sons of Colombia, her liberty and independence can never be in danger."

\* Cochrane's Travels in Colombia.

## ECCENTRIC WANDERINGS IN IRELAND.—NO. I.

' When thou art past jeopardy  
 Come tell me what was said of thee—  
 And I will send more after thee.'—*Spencer to his Booke.*

It was such an evening as would tempt even an inhabitant of the old Jewry, seduced by the luxury of a summer sky, indistinctly seen through a city atmosphere, to leave his customary climate in search of green trees, an unclouded heaven, and fresh air, when I left my home, the precise situation of which I will not now discover,—that secret shall puzzle antiquaries one of those days,—in the great city of Cork, an '*oppidum magnum*,' as the historian says, renowned in prose and poetry; and determined *nem. con.* to step into the first vehicle that met me, and become a passenger in it, to the full limit of the journey which it was intended to trave. I cared not whither I was whirled. Most tourists, however, differ from me in the particular disposition that then possessed me; and owing to such a difference of tastes, it not unfrequently happens that a mistake, or, as Lord Norbury would say, a *mis-carriage*, sometimes occurs. For instance, my radical friend, Dick Ronayne, (who does not know honest Dick—that premier of politicians?) not long since determined on paying a visit to the hospitable mansion of Mountcross. Now, Mountcross, as all geographers know, lies 'due north or thereabouts' of the *Statio benefida carinis*, as the civic motto calls Cork, although no *ships* can come within at least four miles of the city! Dick wended his way to the Macroon coach-office; and as he went, he pondered, according to usage, on the *affairs of the nation*. A torrent of oratorical lava soon was in process of ejection from the volcano of his lungs. Ever and anon a fragment of elocutionary pumice stone was thrown up. ' Cobbett;' 'Bank-rags;' 'Rooks;' 'Oligarchy;' 'the Thing;' 'the Borough-monsters;' 'the Bubble;' 'the Paper-money System;' 'the Rump;' were cast from his groaning cogitations. At length an explosive ejaculation issued from his rhetorical furnace, upon the extravagance of ministers

August, 1826.

in giving nine thousand pounds in the purchase of three little pictures for the national gallery! Dick, who loves Cobbett much better than he loves the memory of Guido, repeated 'NINE THOUSAND POUNDS!' at least nine hundred times in the course of nineteen minutes. He suddenly paused, and rubbed his capacious hand across his ample forehead; one would suppose that Dick had, at the instant, been seized in fee of some peculiar 'call,' as Brimstone Cooper has it, to regenerate the condition of the 'finest people in the world'; but no; Dick was compressing his wandering senses by the outward application of his hand, as if to make an enquiry '*Whither he was going?*' Suddenly his recollection replied, '*To Mountcross.*' Dick was satisfied with the answer, and stepped into the nearest coach then about to start; and, being *solus cum solo*, soon diverged into what is commonly called a *brown study*. It is hard to say that honest Dick did not doze a little, inasmuch as it is positively narrated that when the coach stopped at the first stage, to change horses, he was roused from a radical reverie by Father Prout, who demanded, in a tone of inquisitive eagerness, the latest news from Cork? Dick then, for the first time, discovered that he had been travelling in a transverse direction, and that, since he took his departure from Cork, every mile he went had dragged, as Oliver Goldsmith says, 'at each remove, a lengthened chain,' by drawing him one mile the farther from Mountcross, to which the magnet of his itinerant affections turned! I shall not pretend to say with certainty that Dick consoled himself for his turnpike aberration in the hospitalities of the mansion of the worthy priest; that, however, is not, after all, a piece of information of very especial importance to posterity. The anecdote, which it is to be hoped, for the sake of classic illustration, will not be considered a too tedious narrative, has sufficiently

demonstrated the accuracy of the fact, here before declared, that *mis-carriages* do sometimes occur from stepping into wrong coaches. But to return, when my excursive pen set off in a hand-gallop, (Lord Norbury would call *that* another pun—*pen-hand-gallop!* *absit* pun, however,) with Dick Ronayne, to Watergrass Hill, I left my own affairs in rather an unsettled condition; so much so, indeed, that if I now broke off with a determination not to resume my narrative, the good people of generations to come would be utterly uninformed, whether I did, as I intended, go in search of those natural beauties which have been already graphically painted in my description of a summer evening, or whether I did not go. Well then, to be explicit, after leaving my home, I was accosted by that most whimsical of *Phætons*, Ned Murphy, (*nomen rotundum!*) the Bandon jingle driver. To some persons the history of Ned Murphy may appear rather unimportant, but to a minute observer, one who draws essential stores of knowledge, by means of the *balneum marie* of his own sagacity, from those little insignificant materials that society in every shape presents, Ned Murphy is a fine subject. If Ned could be pickled and preserved and sent over to Bullock's Museum, as a specimen of natural history, with his story appended to the glass case containing him, he would, I promise, be a valuable addition to the curiosities. Ned is rather a droll-looking fellow in his figure, and closely resembles an ouran-outang in his dimensions. Judging from his countenance, when it is relaxed into an effort of sober thought, one would not attribute to him any singularly valuable endowments of mind. It is only when his features are excited into something like motion, that the conformation of his funny soul is evident in them. The costume usually worn by Ned is revolutionary of all rules of fashion, and entirely reckless of every thing like suitability to changes of season. A hat, in something resembling a plaintain leaf, overshadows his pigmy face—and such a face as that is! This hat answers a double

or treble purpose. It is a hat, a parasol, and a para-pluit. The precise *materiel* of which this capillary covering is composed has never been accurately determined. It is, however, mentioned in confidence, that the hat is a piece of family furniture, and has been handed, or, to speak more accurately, *headed* down in lineal progression to the present wearer, from an ancestor who filled, in the household of Brien Borroihme, a situation analogous to that of state coachman in modern days. The coat, that is, the every-day *surtout* of Ned, was originally of mud colour, although now it is diversified by a *mille fleur* hue. The entire together forms a most admirable and indescribable masquerade habiliment. Ned, his horse, and jingle, are in themselves a complete locomotive encyclopædia. The jingle is a kind of skeleton, and gives a practical lecture on mechanics. There is no secreting of the mysteries of trade about it. Every joint and mortis of the machine seems ready to come asunder, in a good natured wish to oblige curiosity; the horse, lank, lean, and rawboned, invites the inspection of a comparative anatomist; and Ned himself, elevated in his little throne, in front of the vehicle, smoking a pipe, so stunted in its dimensions as to threaten immediate combustion to his nose, affords a fine model for a caricature on Irish posting. Ned, since he became a public character, has had the singular felicity of driving clear of all parties. Like Ollapod, Ned is as ready for the foe as the customer, and willing to drive them both with equal attention. Ned, however, has a political creed; and it is whispered, in no very unreserved manner, that he is a Papist at heart, although his practical theology is at times (that is to say, according to the *animus* of the passengers in his jingle) of a very elastic kind, and has been suspected, in more than one instance, of a very close tension to latitudinarianism, which circumstance was attributed to one of his freight, who was well known to be profuse in his largesses, being strongly tinctured with such principles. Ned, however, has managed the reins so well, that in all

the party virulence of the day he has been no sufferer. His jingle is filled, indiscriminately, by the members of the innumerable and nondescript creeds, in which that *entrepot* of biblicism, Bandon, abounds. The saints and the sinners; the methodists and the separatists; Mr. Waugh and Mr. Irons, Father M'Sweeney and Parson Newman, alike patronize the establishment of which Ned is an officer. Here again a pun would occur to the witty mind of my Lord Norbury! ‘An officer—Ned Murphy an officer?’ his lordship would exclaim, ‘whew, puff, aye, aye, he is an officer in the drivers.’ That is what Lord Norbury would say. Blessings on that venerable nobleman! many and many a thousand ‘latest’ puns have I given him; indeed every good pun attributed to him is mine. For instance, the pun about ‘Pepper’s’ horse—probably some of the readers of ‘The Dublin and London Magazine’ may not have heard *that*—here then it is. Lord Norbury (according to my story circulated at the time in the newspapers) was riding in the Phoenix Park, and met a Mr. Pepper of the county Tipperary. The real name of this gentleman is *Peppard*; but *Punica gloria attolit se in rebus*, and one must not stand at trifles to make a good pun! *Pepper* was riding a beautiful horse. ‘How do you do? whew, puff,’ enquired the facetious baron; ‘that is a fine horse you ride, Pepper, whew, puff; your father used to keep excellent cattle; I knew him well, whew, puff; he was a most excellent valuable grand juror and loyal man; I met him in Thomas Street, the day my Lord Kilwarden was assassinated by the rebels, whew, puff; a beautiful horse indeed that is Pepper, whew, puff!’—‘Yes, my lord,’ replied the rider in sporting parlance, ‘but he is too many for me—he spun me the other day!’—‘Aha,’ said Norbury, ‘have you given him a name yet?’—‘No, my lord.’—‘Well then, call him *Pepper-castor*!’ This was considered a good pun at the time, but every one knows that the name should be read *Peppard*. (That sounds very like a vile pun—*red-peppered*!) The last good thing I fathered on the judge is considered excel-

lent. Do not think ill of it, gentle reader, since I bespeak your admiration! The baron, a few days since, met Mr. Hamilton, the unlucky candidate at the last county Dublin election. ‘Eh! Hamilton, whew, puff, how d’you do?—Good hunting now in your neighbourhood?—How are all the horses?—Heard of the burning in the South?—Dined at the castle yesterday?—Marchioness in a certain way? eh, whew, puff. Well, you’ll try next election of course? eh, whew, puff?’—‘No, no, my lord,’ replied the crest-fallen boy, ‘I fear I would have no support.’—‘Poh, poh,’ said the baron, ‘open the public-houses liberally to the electors, and you will have plenty of *Sup-porters*!’ I will just anticipate the publication in the newspapers of a pun that I mean to circulate next week. It will appear in a paragraphical form as follows:—

‘Lord N—’s latest: a certain veteran punster, whose retirement from public life is now momentarily expected, dined last week at the castle, and in the course of the evening, a rather curious discussion arose as to the *bon vivancy* of the ancients. ‘Who was the greatest tippler of old?’ asked the Attorney-general:—‘I should think Anacreon,’ responded Mr. North.—‘Oh! not at all,’ said the witty punster, interposing—‘Pliny was the most incorrigible good fellow of the by-gone times.’—‘Pliny! Pliny!’ echoed at least forty open mouths.—‘Aye,’ said Lord N—, ‘Pliny died by his love of “a drop of the crater”’

Oh! but where was I when I digressed? Let me think, aye, I had concluded a pictorial description of Ned Murphy. I begin to find that I have been rather diffuse in my digression. It is, as Monica says, *my way*, and my readers must bear with it. As I mean to travel on at a good jog-trot in my intended tour, they must not grumble at my bating occasionally with a little refreshment, in the way of digression. I will conclude this portion of my adventures with telling them, that I was seduced by the winning ways of Ned Murphy into his dislocated conveyance, and there I met—no, no, I will reserve all further information until I indite the succeeding part of my ‘WANDERINGS.’

SINGING TO THE WHISKEY AND WHISKEY SONGS  
SUNG IN IRELAND.

**CAROLAN'S MARY MAGUIRE.**

[THE music and poetry of Carolan, like Irish whiskey, are spoken of with confidence, and sometimes with rapture, where neither has been *tasted*. The name of this celebrated ‘son of song,’ unlike most of his predecessors, has passed the boundary of his native country, and a few judicious foreigners have done ample justice to his genius. Still his works are but very imperfectly known—even in Ireland—and his memory has hitherto found no admirer with a sufficient portion of zeal to make the world better acquainted with his unquestionable merits. This, perhaps, in a great measure, as far as regards his poetry, arises from the circumstance of his having written in Irish—a language, though highly poetical and elegant, but little known. A translator imbued with Carolan’s genius is therefore necessary; and the lovers of genuine poetry will rejoice to hear that this difficult task has been undertaken, if not accomplished. Mr. Hardiman, the able author of the ‘History of Galway,’ is about to publish ‘Relics of the Irish Bards,’ from the vast stores of old MSS. in his possession. They will be accompanied by English versions from the pens of several of our most distinguished poets. The following is by Mr. Furlong, a gentleman who does not require to have his name associated with that of Carolan to secure it the respect of posterity. The Mary here celebrated by Carolan afterwards became his wife. It was on the occasion of her death that he wrote the monody inserted by Walker in his ‘Irish Bards.’]

Oh! that my love and I,  
From life’s crowded haunts could fly,  
To some deep shady vale by the mountain;  
Where no sound might make its way,  
Save the thrushes’ lively lay,  
Or the murmur of the clear flowing fountain;  
Where no stranger should intrude  
On our hallowed solitude,  
Where no kinsman’s cold glance could annoy us,  
Where peace and joy might shed  
Blended blessings on our bed,  
And love!—love alone, still employ us.  
Still, sweet maiden may I see  
That I vainly think of thee!  
In vain in lost love I lie pining;  
I may worship from afar  
The beauty-beaming star  
That o’er my dull pathway keeps shining;  
But in sorrow and in pain,  
Fond hope will remain,  
For seldom from hope can we sever;  
Unchanged through good or ill,  
One dear dream is cherished still—  
Oh! my Mary! I must love thee for ever.  
How bright appears the maid,  
In her loveliness array’d,  
As she moves forth at dawn’s dewy hour;  
Her ringlets richly flowing,  
And her cheeks all gaily glowing,  
Like the rose in her own blooming bower;  
Oh! lonely be his life,  
May his dwelling want a wife,  
And his nights be long, cheerless, and dreary,  
Who cold or calm could be,  
With a winning one like thee,  
Or for wealth could forsake thee, my Mary.

## THE SHEIKH OF BORNOU.

LEST the reader should think that there is no novelty in this article, we were determined to have something new in the title; and we are sure it is quite as appropriate as those chosen by some of our contemporaries, when noticing Major Denham's travels and discoveries in northern and central Africa.\* Blackwood headed his, 'The Geography of Africa'; and the 'London Magazine' gave thirty good pages of matter extracted from this work, which was forced against the stomach of its readers under the seducing title of 'African Beauties.' Now the geography of Africa may be very useful to a few, and a description of black women amusing enough, but both must yield in importance to an account of the Sheikh of Bornou, a kind of Black Bolivar—the deliverer of his country, and the safeguard of his people. Of this sable Solomon we are about to treat, and, like our worthy contemporaries, we shall draw all our information from the major's well written narrative, because he is certainly the best possible authority; for he is the only man in Europe, at present, who ever saw the said sheikh or visited his extensive dominions. The 'Quarterly Review,' it is true, like something worse than a forestaller, pillaged the work under consideration before it reached the literary market, and ever since its appearance the weekly and monthly gleaners have been making as free with its contents as the mosquitoes of Bornou did with the face of its author. Still we shall endeavour to put the reader in possession of its contents, and we do so the more willingly as the work, from its price—four guineas and a half—can be accessible only to a few.

His Majesty's government being determined to follow up the mission of Captain Lyons and Mr. Ritchie,

\* 'Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in northern and central Africa, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Doctor Oudney. London: Murray, 1826.'

† The following year they were joined at Bornou by Lieutenant Toole, a young gentleman aged only twenty-two. We regret to add that he lost his life in the enterprise, from the insalubrity of the climate. Major Denham speaks of his good qualities with enthusiasm, and laments his premature death, with, we believe, the utmost sincerity.

‡ He was subsequently killed in an attack on the Felatahs.

dispatched Doctor Oudney and Captain Clapperton—both of the Royal Navy—in 1821, to Tripoli, from whence they were instructed to proceed to Timbuctoo, in Africa. With these was subsequently associated the intelligent author† of the work before us; and, from the lamented death of Dr. Oudney, and the protracted illness of Captain Clapperton, while in Bornou, we are indebted to Major Denham for the success of the mission, as well as for much valuable information relative to central Africa. After having encountered many unexpected obstacles, the travellers were, at length, prepared with the necessary credentials from the bashaw of Tripoli; and, on the 17th of September 1822, Major Denham proceeded over the pass of Melghra, to join his companions at Mourzuk, an Arab town. He was accompanied by Boo-Khaloom, to whose care the bashaw had entrusted the English travellers. This Boo-Khaloom was an Arab merchant, and by successful trade had acquired considerable wealth. He was liberal and tolerant, and a lover of pomp and show. From Mourzuk they were attended by eleven Arab chiefs, who commanded two hundred and ten men. This escort was under the control of Boo-Khaloom,‡ and Major Denham speaks highly of their good qualities, while he charitably glosses over many of their bad ones. After a long and fatiguing journey over the stony and great desert, they came within sight of the extensive lake Tchad, on the 4th of February 1823. 'My heart,' says the major, bounded within me at this prospect, for I believed this lake to be the key to the great object of our search, and I could not refrain from silently imploring Heaven's continued protection, which had enabled us to proceed so far in health and strength even

to the accomplishment of our task.' On the 17th of the same month they came within a few hours' march of Kouka, the capital of the Bornou empire; and were about to tread on ground, the knowledge of which had hitherto been totally unexplored, while its inhabitants had never—seen—if they had ever heard of an European. The travellers were told that the Sheikh of Bornou's soldiers were a few naked or ragged negroes; but, to their great surprise, they were received with military honours by many thousand black cavalry, several of them habited in coats of mail, who displayed great tact in all their movements. They were commanded by Barca Gana, a negro of noble aspect.

After some show of African etiquette, they were admitted to the presence of the 'Sheikh of Spears,' Alameen-Ben Mohammed el-Kanemy. 'We found him in a small dark room, sitting on a carpet, plainly dressed in a blue robe of Soudan and a shawl turban. Two negroes were on each side of him, armed with pistols, and on his carpet lay a brace of these instruments. Fire-arms were hanging in different parts of the room, presents from the bashaw and Mustapha L'Achmar, the sultan of Fezzan, which are here considered as invaluable. His personal appearance was prepossessing, apparently not more than forty-five or forty-six, with an expressive countenance, and a benevolent smile. We delivered our letter from the bashaw; and after he had read it, he inquired "what was our object in coming?" We answered, "to see the country merely, and to give an account of its inhabitants, produce, and appearance; as our sultan was desirous of knowing every part of the globe." His reply was, "that we were welcome! and whatever he could show us would give him pleasure: that he had ordered huts to be built for us in the town; and that we might then go, accompanied by one of his people, to see them; and that when we were recovered from the fatigue of our long journey, he would be happy to see us." With this we took our leave.

'Our huts were little round mud buildings, placed within a wall, at no great distance from the residence of

the sheikh: the inclosure was quadrangular, and had several divisions formed by partitions of straw mats, where nests of huts were built, and occupied by the stranger merchants who accompanied the kafila: one of these divisions was assigned to us, and we crept into the shade of our earthy dwellings, not a little fatigued with our entré and presentation.—P. 65, 66.

On the following day they received a summons to visit the sheikh.

'The ceremony of getting into the presence was ridiculous enough, although nothing could be more plain and devoid of pretension than the appearance of the sheikh himself. We passed through passages lined with attendants, the front men sitting on their hams; and when we advanced too quickly, we were suddenly arrested by these fellows, who caught forcibly hold of us by the legs, and had not the crowd prevented our falling, we should most infallibly have become prostrate before arriving in the presence. Previous to entering into the open court, in which we were received, our papouches, or slippers, were whipped off by these active though sedentary gentlemen of the chamber; and we were seated on some clean sand on each side of a raised bench of earth, covered with a carpet, on which the sheikh was reclining. We laid the gun and the pistols together before him, and explained to him the locks, turnscrews, and steel shot cases holding two charges each, with all of which he seemed exceedingly well pleased: the powder-flask, and the manner in which the charge is divided from the body of powder, did not escape his observation; the other articles were taken off by the slaves, almost as soon as they were laid before him. Again we were questioned as to the object of our visit. The sheikh, however, showed evident satisfaction at our assurance that the King of England had heard of Bornou and himself; and immediately turning to his kaganawha (counsellor), said, "This is in consequence of our defeating the Begarmis." Upon which, the chief who had most distinguished himself in these memorable battles, Bagah Furby (the gatherer of horses)

seating himself in front of us demanded, "Did he ever hear of me?" The immediate reply of "*Certainly*" did wonders for our cause. Exclamations were general; and, "Ah! then, your king must be a great man!" was reechoed from every side. We had nothing offered us by way of refreshment, and took our leave.'—P. 67. 68.

Having now introduced our readers to the Sheikh of Bornou, we shall take, with his permission, a peep at his kingdom and his people.

'Bornou, a kingdom of central Africa, is comprehended, in its present state, between the 15th and 10th parallel northern latitude, and the 12th and 18th of east longitude. It is bounded on the north by part of Kanem and the desert; on the east, by the Lake Tchad, which covers several thousand miles of country, and contains many inhabited islands; on the south-east by the kingdom of Logun and the river Shary, which divides Bornou from the kingdom of Begarmi, and loses itself in the waters of the Tchad; on the south by Mandara, an independent kingdom, situated at the foot of an extensive range of primitive mountains; and on the west by Soudan. The heat is excessive, but not uniform; from March to the end of June being the period when the sun has most power. At this season, about two hours after noon, the thermometer will rise sometimes to 105 and 107; and suffocating and scorching winds from the south and south-east prevail. The nights are dreadfully oppressive; the thermometer not falling much below 100, until a few hours before day-light; when 86 or 88 denote comparative freshness. Towards the middle of May, Bornou is visited by violent tempests of thunder, lightning, and rain. Yet in such a dry state is the earth at this time, and so quickly is the water absorbed, that the inhabitants scarcely feel the inconvenience of the season. Considerable damage is done to the cattle and the people by the lightning. They now prepare the ground for their corn; and it is all in the earth before the end of June, when the lakes and rivers begin to overflow; and from the extreme flatness of the country, tracks of many miles are quickly con-

verted into large lakes of water. Nearly constant rains now deluge the land with cloudy, damp, sultry weather. The winds are hot and violent, and generally from the east and south.

'In October the winter season commences; the rains are less frequent, and the harvest near the towns is got in; the air is milder and more fresh, the weather serene: breezes blow from the north-west, and with a clearer atmosphere. Towards December, and in the beginning of January, Bornou is colder than from its situation might be expected. The thermometer will, at no part of the day, mount higher than 74 or 75; and in the morning descends to 58 and 60.

'It is these cold fresh winds from the north and north-west that restore health and strength to the inhabitants, who suffer during the damp weather from dreadful attacks of fever and ague, which carry off great numbers every year. The inhabitants are numerous; the principal towns or cities are thirteen. Ten different languages, or dialects of the same language, are spoken in the empire. The Shouaas have brought with them the Arabic, which they speak nearly pure. They are divided into tribes, and bear still the names of some of the most formidable of the Bedouin hordes of Egypt. They are a deceitful, arrogant, and cunning race; great charm writers; and by pretending to a natural gift of prophecy, they find an easy entrance into the houses of the black inhabitants of the towns, where their pilfering propensities often show themselves. The strong resemblance they bear, both in features and habits, to some of our gipsy tribes, is particularly striking. It is said that Bornou can muster 15,000 Shouaas in the field mounted. They are the greatest breeders of cattle in the country, and annually supply Soudan with from two to three thousand horses. The Bornou people, or Kanowry, as they are called, have large unmeaning faces, with fat negro noses, and mouths of great dimensions, with good teeth, and high foreheads. They are peaceable, quiet, and civil: they salute each other with courtesy and warmth; and there

is a remarkable good-natured heaviness about them which is interesting. They are no warriors, but revengeful; and the best of them given to commit petty larcenies, on every opportunity that offers. They are extremely timid; so much so, that on an Arab once speaking harshly to one of them, he came the next day to ask if he wished to kill him.

'As their country produces little beside grain, mostly from a want of industry in the people, so are they nearly without foreign trade.

'In their manner of living, they are simple in the extreme. Flour made into a paste, sweetened with honey, and fat poured over it, is a dish for a sultan. The use of bread is not known; therefore but little wheat is grown. Indeed it is found only in the houses of the great. Barley is also scarce; a little is sown between the wheat, and is used, when bruised, to take off the brackish taste of the water.

'The grain most in use amongst the people of all classes, and upon which also animals are fed, is a species of millet called *gussub*. This grain is produced in great quantities, and with scarcely any trouble. The poorer people will eat it raw or parched in the sun, and be satisfied without any other nourishment for several days together. Bruised and steeped in water, it forms the travelling stock of all pilgrims and soldiers. When cleared of the husk, pounded, and made into a light paste, in which a little *meloheia* (the *eboo ochra* of Guinea) and melted fat is mixed, it forms a favourite dish, and is called *kaddell*. *Kasheia* is the seed of a grass, which grows wild and in abundance near the water. 'It is parched in the sun, broken, and cleared of the husk. When boiled, it is eaten as rice, or made into flour; but this is a luxury.

'Four kinds of beans are raised in great quantities, called *mussaqua*, *marya*, *klemmy*, and *kimmay*, all known by the name of *gafooly*, and are eaten by the slaves, and poorer people. A paste made from these and fish was the only eatable we could find in the towns near the river. Salt they scarcely knew the use of.'—P. 314—317.

Indian corn, cotton, and indigo,

are the most valuable productions of the soil; and the two last grow spontaneously on the land overflowed by the lake Tchad. Their indigo is inferior to none. Of fruits they scarcely know any thing, and no vegetables except onions are produced. The people have nothing beyond the bare necessities of life, but they are rich in bullocks, horses, and slaves. Though they deal in the latter they abhor the trade, but as the Moorish merchants, who frequent the kingdom, will have nothing else in return for their goods, the people are compelled to encourage, in some measure, the inhuman traffic. Their domestic slaves—prisoners taken in war—are treated with the utmost kindness.

'The women are particularly cleanly, but not good-looking: they have large mouths, very thick lips, and high foreheads. Their manner of dressing the hair is also less becoming than that of any other negro nation I have seen: it is brought over the top of the head in three thick rolls; one large, one in the centre, and two smaller on each side, just over the ears, joining in front on the forehead in a point, and plastered thickly with indigo and bees' wax. Behind the point it is wiry, very finely plaited, and turned up like a drake's tail. The *Scarin*, or tattoos, which are common to all negro nations in these latitudes, and by which their country is instantly known, are here particularly unbecoming. The Bornouese have twenty cuts or lines on each side of the face, which are drawn from the corners of the mouth, towards the angles of the lower jaw and the cheek-bone; and it is quite distressing to witness the torture the poor little children undergo who are thus marked, enduring, not only the heat, but the attacks of millions of flies. They have also one cut on the forehead in the centre, six on each arm, six on each leg and thigh, four on each breast, and nine on each side, just above the hips. They are, however, the most humble of females, never approaching their husbands except on their knees, or speaking to any of the male sex, otherwise than with the head and face covered, and kneeling. Previous to marriage, there appears

to be more jealousy than after.'—P. 318, 319.

Being musselmans, polygamy is allowed, but most men find one wife sufficient. Girls do not get married until they are fifteen or sixteen; and mothers have hardly ever more than one child at a birth. They could not be persuaded that more were ever brought into the world at one time. Their domestic animals are dogs, cats, sheep, cows, and innumerable herds of oxen. Wild and domestic fowl are abundant, and bees are so numerous as sometimes to impede travellers; one fourth of the honey is not collected. They have all the wild animals, from the lion to the jackall, and serpents of all sizes and species, as well as crocodiles and the hippopotamus. Their beasts of burden are the ass and the bullock; the latter is preferred, and his back is generally made use of to carry all provisions, as well as the owner, to and from market. The towns are generally large, and consist mostly of huts, with here and there a more spacious dwelling for people of consequence. The frequency of war makes it necessary to surround their huts with walls, and these are raised to the height of thirty or forty feet, while the gates are formed of solid planks. The domestic habits of the people are truly primeval. They drink nothing but water, from a calabash; and their cooking is performed in an earthen pot, beautifully formed; to these are added a few wooden bowls. Married women are extremely superstitious, and imagine that the disposition of the skins upon which they sleep regulates the future destiny of their children.

El Kanemy is the ruler, or, more properly speaking, the regent of Bornou. The people had been increasing in consequence for half a century, when overrun by the Felatahs, and their degradation had been complete were it not for the present sheikh. By a well-planned tale, of being called to the deliverance of his country by a vision, he made his first campaign, and was victorious in forty successive battles. The sovereignty was now offered to him by a grateful people, but he politically declined the honour, and placed the former sultan

*August, 1826.*

on the throne: his royalty, however, was but a shadow, and his successor is equally devoid of real power, though he keeps up the etiquette of a court, surrounded by his flatterers, who are remarkable for nothing but the size of their silk turbans, and their artificial paunches. El Kanemy is in fact the ruler; and is, undoubtedly, the most potent despot in central Africa; and it is well for the blacks that he is so, for he appears a politic and prudent man, anxious for the welfare of the people, whom he labours to improve and make respectable. His subjects are the most strict musselmans in all the black country; and bad as this religion is, we cannot forget that it teaches the existence of one God, and is far superior to any other religion professed in Africa: it was first introduced into Bornou by the adventurous Arabs.

The sheikh is a great lover of justice, and our legislature might take a hint from some of his laws.

'Murder is punished by death: the culprit, on conviction, is handed over to the relations of the deceased, who revenge his death with their clubs. Repeated thefts by the loss of a hand, or by burying the young Spartan, if he be a beginner, with only his head above ground, well buttered or honeyed, and so exposing him for twelve or eighteen hours, to the torture of a burning sun, and innumerable flies and mosquitoes, who all feast on him undisturbed. These punishments are, however, often commuted for others of a more lenient kind. Even the judge himself has a strong fellow-feeling for a culprit of this description. When a man refuses to pay his debts, and has the means, on a creditor pushing his claims, the cadi takes possession of the debtor's property, pays the demand, and takes a handsome per centage for his trouble. It is necessary, however, that the debtor should give his consent; but this is not long withheld, as he is pinioned and lain on his back until it is given; for all which trouble and restiveness, he pays handsomely to the cadi; and they seldom find that a man gets into a scrape of this kind twice. On the other hand, should a man be in debt, and unable to pay, on clearly proving his poverty, he is

at liberty. The judge then says, "God send you the means;"—the bystanders say, "Amen:" and the insolvent has full liberty to trade where he pleases. But if, at any future time, his creditors catch him with even two robes on, or a red cap, on taking him before the cadi, all superfluous habiliments are stripped off, and given towards payment of his debts.'—P. 321, 322.

His protection of morals would qualify him eminently for a place beside Alderman Wood.

'The slave of one man had been caught with the wife of another, a free man, and the injured husband demanded justice. The sheikh condemned both the man and the woman to be hanged side by side: the owner of the slave, however, remonstrated, and said that the decision, as far as respected the woman, was just; for she was always endeavouring to seduce his slave from his work, and that if he (the sheikh) condemned his slave to death, the man, whose wife was the cause of it, ought to give him the value of his slave, as he was poor: this the husband objected to. "Ah!" exclaimed the sheikh, "how often is a man driven to his destruction by woman; yet of all his happiness, she is the root, or the branch." He himself paid the value of the slave to the owner, and the next morning the guilty pair were suspended outside the walls.'—P. 184.

And again:

'Notwithstanding the business of war appeared so fully to occupy the sheikh's thoughts, yet his anxiety for a reformation, as despotic as it was impracticable, amongst the frail of his woman-kind, was still uppermost in his mind; an instance of which occurred when two of these unfortunates fell into his hands, whose sinings were placed beyond all doubt by the activity of the spies he employed to watch over this department; and although his decisions on ordinary occasions were ever on the side of mercy, these poor girls were sentenced to be hanged by the neck until they were dead\*. The agitation and sorrow which the threatened

execution of these two girls, who were both of them under seventeen, excited in the minds of all the people, were most creditable to their feelings, and although on other occasions their submission to the decrees of their chief was abject in the extreme, yet on this (to say the least of it) rigorous sentence being made public, loud murmurs were uttered by the men, and railings by the women. The lover of one of the girls swore that he would stab any man who attempted to place the rope. He had offered to read the fatah with her,† which offer had been refused. The general feeling was pity, and the severity of the punishment caused the sin to be almost forgotten, which would not have been the case had the penalty been of a more lenient nature: indeed, it was natural that pity should be felt—notwithstanding all one's morality, it was impossible to feel otherwise. The day after (for punishments are summary in eastern countries) was fixed for the expiation of their crime, but a fighi, nearly equal to the sheikh in skill, took upon himself to remonstrate, and declared such punishments were themselves *haram* (sins), for in no part of the Koran could an authority be found for such a sentence. To disgrace or set a mark on such culprits was the law of the Prophet, not death;—and that should these poor offenders suffer, God would avenge their death on the country, and sickness, with bad crops, would come upon them. The sheikh for a long time continued inexorable, and observed that riches, plenty, and prosperity, without virtue, were not worth possessing; the punishment of the two girls, however, was eventually commuted to that of head-shaving, a heavy disgrace, and which was performed in the public street.'—P. 209, 210.

A despot, however, may be righteous overmuch.

'The sheikh whose unamiable trait was, as I have before observed, visiting the weaknesses of the female part of his subjects with too great severity, had, during my absence, given an order which would have disgraced the

\* In Tripoli, the father or mother is generally the executioner, to avenge the sin and at the same time wipe the stain from the family, and prevent public execution.'

† 'Marry her.'

most absolute despot that ever sat on a throne : the gates of his town were kept shut at daylight one morning, and his emissaries despatched, who bound and brought before him sixty women who had a bad reputation ; five were sentenced to be hanged in the public market, and four to be flogged ; which latter punishment was inflicted with such severity, that two expired under the lash. Those who were doomed to death, after being dragged, with their heads shaved, round the market on a public day, with a rope round their necks, were then strangled, and thrown, by twos, into a hole previously prepared, in the most barbarous manner. This diabolical act, for it deserves no better name, armed all tongues against him. The Bornouese, who are a humane and forgiving people, shuddered at so much cruelty : and so much influence had the ladies in general with their husbands, that more than a hundred families quitted Kouka, (to which place they were before daily flocking), to take up their abodes in other towns where this rigour did not exist. In Kouka, they declared there was no living, where only to be suspected was sufficient to be doomed to a cruel and ignominious death ; and where malicious spies converted "trifles light as air, into confirmation strong." Those who remained, though the women of his particular attendants, refused flatly to scream him a welcome, and the procession passed through the streets in silence.'—P. 277.

The following has something truly oriental in it :

'Barca Gana, who commanded the sheikh's people, about two thousand strong, was a native of a town called Sankara, in Soudan, and had fallen into the sheikh's hands about seventeen years before, when only nine years of age. The sheikh had always been extremely attached to him, and had raised him with his fortunes, to the rank he now held, as kaid, or governor, of Angala, part of Loggun, and all the towns on the Shary, besides making him kashella, or commander-in-chief of his troops : he was a powerful negro, of uncommon bravery, possessing a *charm* which he imagined rendered him invulnerable

to either balls or arrows. He was keen, possessed great quickness of observation, and from being so long in the sheikh's confidence, had acquired his manner, which was gentle, and particularly pleasing : added to this, he was a bigoted Musselman.'—P. 104.

Now take the following :

'A circumstance happened during the last two days, which created a great sensation amongst the chiefs ; and while it proved that absolute power in the person of the sheikh was not unaccompanied by a heart overflowing with feelings of mercy and moderation, it also displayed many amiable qualities in his untutored and unenlightened subjects. Barca Gana, his general, and his favourite, a governor of six large districts, the man whom he delighted to honour, who had more than fifty female slaves, and twice the number of male, was taught a lesson of humility that made me feel exceedingly for him. In giving presents to the chiefs, the sheikh had inadvertently sent him a horse which he had previously promised to some one else, and on Barca Gana being requested to give it up, he took such great offence, that he sent back all the horses that the sheikh had previously given him, saying that he would in future walk or ride his own. On this the sheikh immediately sent for him, had him stripped in his presence, and the leather girdle put round his loins ; and, after reproaching him with his ingratitude, ordered that he should be forthwith sold to the Tibboo merchants, for he was still a slave. The favourite, thus humbled and disgraced, fell on his knees, and acknowledged the justness of his punishment. He begged for no forgiveness for himself, but entreated that his wives and children might be provided for, out of the riches of his master's bounty. But on the following day, when preparations were made for carrying this sentence into effect, the Kaganawha (black Mamelukes), and Shouaa chiefs about the sheikh's person, fell at his feet, and notwithstanding the haughtiness of Barca Gana's carriage to them since his advancement, entreated to a man par-

don for his offences, and that he might be restored to favour. The culprit appearing at this moment to take leave, the sheikh threw himself back on his carpet, wept like a child, and suffered Barca Gana, who had kept close to him, to embrace his knees, and calling them all his sons, pardoned his repentant slave. No prince of the most civilized nation can be better loved by his subjects than this chief; and he is a most extraordinary instance, in the eastern world, of fearless bravery, virtue, and simplicity. In the evening, there was great and general rejoicing. The timbrels beat; the Kanemboos yelled, and struck their shields; every thing bespoke joy: and Barca Gana, in new robes and a rich bornouse, rode round the camp, followed by all the chiefs of the army.'—P. 172, 173.

The sheikh, though a very wise man, knew nothing whatever about musical boxes; Major Denham presented him with one.

'The wild exclamations of wonder and screams of pleasure that this piece of mechanism drew from the generality of my visitors were curiously contrasted in the person of the intelligent sheikh: he at first was greatly astonished, and asked me several questions, exclaiming '*A gieb! gieb!*' "Wonderful! wonderful!" but the sweetness of the Swiss Ranzdes-Vaches which it played, at last overcame every other feeling: he covered his face with his hand and listened in silence; and on one man near him breaking the charm by a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow which made all his followers tremble. He instantly asked, "if one twice as large would not be better?" I said "Yes; but it would be twice as dear." "By G—!" said he, "if one thousand dollars would purchase it, it would be cheap." Who will deny that nature has given us all a taste for luxuries?'—P. 85.

The major recommends some of our merchants to visit Bornou; for our part, we think the lady or gentleman who superintends the fire-

works at Vauxhall would make an absolute fortune there. A few rockets created the greatest surprise, and produced on the first occasion some hundreds of premature births. They also frightened the sheikh's enemies into submission; for, said Malam Fanaamy, 'to withstand a sheikh of the Koran who performed such miracles was useless, and at the same time *haram* (sin).'

An old brass gun, formerly a present from some bashaw, was mounted by one of the mission.

'The ceremony of the trial of the brass guns, for which, after consulting Mr. Clapperton, who was too ill to undertake it himself, I had succeeded in making charge and wadding, took place this afternoon, before the sheikh and a thousand spectators. The distance to which they threw the balls, and the loudness of the report, created the greatest astonishment: but I could not persuade the sheikh to suffer a second canister to be shot: "No, no!" said he, "they are too valuable; they must not be thrown away: curses on their race! how these will make the Begharmis jump!"—P. 210.

The sheikh seems particularly anxious to court the acquaintance of the English, though he regrets that they are white and kerdies (unbelievers). To major Denham he was absolutely kind and liberal, and after a residence of eighteen months in his dominions, our travellers quitted Bornou, as they express it, with regret; and, what will surprise some of our fair readers, the major thought the white beauties of Mourzuk disgusting on his arrival there; and is ungallant, or, if you like, gallant, enough to give the sable daughters of Bornou the preference.

It is to be lamented that Major Denham was unable to extend his enquiries, though it must be allowed that he made every possible exertion, often at the risk of his life. Let us, however, hope that Captain Clapperton, who is now pursuing the same object, will be more successful.

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BIBLE-READER.

Written by Himself.

## CHAPTER I.

I am unhappy. This may be a common case, but my unhappiness is peculiar—it arises from causes to which most men are strangers; it does not proceed from disappointed ambition—from worldly want—or blighted prospects; it is not a sickness of the heart in consequence of hope deferred; it is not the result of physical operations, for I am hale of body, and am in the possession of a healthy intellect; I have friends who love and are beloved; have a family kind and endearing; and never knew what the reproaches of a guilty conscience were; still I am unhappy—miserably unhappy! because I carry about with me a troubled spirit, and am a victim to mental anguish. The terrors—to me the shadowy terrors—of another world throw a gloom over this, and embitter the moments that would otherwise be devoted to study or pleasure. In vain I oppose them;—my opinions are inconsistent, and ever varying; and though I anxiously seek for truth, I am not satisfied that I have found it. No man wishes to suffer; few can or will suffer in silence; and I have resolved to lay my case before the world, in the hope that, if no one can apply a remedy, few will refuse their sympathy; while all may profit by the lesson of my life, and avoid my misfortunes. I have no ambition to rival those players and playwrights, demireps and pickpockets, who publish their own memoirs. I have no anecdotes of the great to place as lures in my pages; the passages of my life, which are to follow, will unveil the workings of my mind under novel influences; and those who are not desirous of acquaintance with the heart of man had better read no further.

I was born in the county of —, in Ireland, in the year 1787. My father was a day labourer, and my mother a thrifty housewife. Both were Catholics, and remarkable for the moral propriety of their conduct, though they were poor to a degree almost incredible. Being the eldest child I was early inured to industry.

At eight I was employed to carry my father his meals in the fields, where he worked for his landlord—a harsh and unfeeling man. His pay being only sixpence-halfpenny a day, he could afford, as he had a young family, to eat nothing but potatoes, sometimes accompanied with milk, but much oftener with salt. One day, when carrying him his thrifty dinner, tied up in a cloth, I was overtaken by a gentleman dressed in black. ‘Well, my fine fellow,’ said he, ‘what is your name?’

‘Jesper D——, sir,’ I replied.

‘And where are you going, Jasper?’

‘Goen to my fadhuur wid his dinner, sir.’

‘Oh! you are a fine fellow, Jasper; and pray what may you have for his dinner?’

‘Pheaties and salt, sir.’

‘Potatoes and salt for a working man! and pray have you dined, Jasper?’

‘Oh! yes, sir; we eat our dinner afore I came out.’

‘And what had you for dinner?’

‘Pheaties, sir.’

‘What! hadn’t you salt, too?’

‘Salt, indeed! cock us up wid salt—faith ’tis well for us to get the pheaties, let alone salt.’

‘Poor creatures! and how do you employ your time, Jasper?’

‘Employ my time!’

‘Ay, what do you be doing all day?’

‘Oh! not much, sir; ony makin bad worse.’

‘And what is that, Jasper?’

‘Why, taken the bushes out o’ the gaps, and off the fences, to bile the pheaties; that’s makin bad worse, I blieve, sir; for fadhuur ses its bad to stop slips wid bushes, and worse to taken ’em out when they are there.’

The gentleman laughed heartily at this, called me once more a fine fellow, and asked me many questions concerning my father’s affairs. When I had reached the stile which I had to cross, he put his hand in his pocket and gave me a sixpence, for which I made him my best bow, and

scampered across the field. My father congratulated me on my good fortune, and declared that it must have been Squire M—— who had given me the money; for he was the only liberal man he knew in the neighbourhood. He then eat his potatoes and salt with his wonted cheerfulness; and, poor as he was, I don't recollect that I ever heard him murmur at his destiny. We were in the constant habit of returning thanks to Heaven after each meal; and so contented was I, at least, for I had never reflected, with my lot, that the compassionate expressions of the strange gentleman filled me with surprise. I did not think that my father or myself were objects of pity; we were as well-off as some of our neighbours, though my mother occasionally sighed when the remnant of a coat no longer covered my shirtless back. 'Thank God for all things,' was her usual expression, which, when uttered once or twice with tears in her eyes, surpassed my comprehension, though she frequently explained to me the pious import of her words.

On the evening of the next day the gentleman in black, which proved to be Mr. M——, drove up in a tilbury to our cabin door. When the pig and the cur-dog were removed and silenced, he called my father out, and told him that, as I appeared a smart lad, I should be sent to school. He took the expense upon himself, and, by way of encouragement, assured me that, if I were a good boy, and attended to my book, he would take care to provide for my future prospects. My poor mother, half distracted with joy, confessed that I had always been a lucky—extremely lucky child; and the neighbours, when they heard of my good fortune, declared that I was made a man of for ever. There was no abatement to our satisfaction: learning I was about to procure; and this in itself was a circumstance of the utmost gratulation, whether Mr. M—— remembered, or not, his promise of future patronage.

To qualify myself as speedily as possible for the good fortune which I was not slow to anticipate, I set out next day, with a torn primer, for the school of Edmund O'Keeffe, a pro-

fessor of all human knowledge. His academy, or rather his 'noisy mansion,' stood on the road side, and the moment the buzz of its inmates fell upon my ear, as I approached it, I felt a sensation then to me quite novel; I was about to enter, as it were, upon a new world, and give up the delightful pleasures of unconstrained liberty. The goats and pigs were now left to take care of themselves; and, though I could not think of my daily absence from them without regret, the hope of being 'made a man for ever' urged me on to enter the classical walls of Mr. O'Keeffe's mud-edifice. His formal figure, well-greased brogues, clean coat, and ribbed stockings, imparted a dignity to the 'master' that struck me with awe, and seemed to have insured general respect from about one hundred and fifty pupils, though a more observant eye might have attributed the useful subordination which reigned in his presence to the potent talisman which he carried under his arm, in the form of a well-seasoned birch. Whatever were the cause, his authority was never disputed; and, after having been questioned on my entrance concerning my name and attainments, and recommended to come in future with a face as shining as it was this morning, I was ordered to a seat on a stone bench, where the little occupants, though very willing, could hardly make room for me. They seemed particularly inquisitive; inquiring what road I intended going home by, whether I could play ball or cocks, and if I thought I could box Tom Dempsey, a lubberly looking fellow, whose knees were dovetailed with mine, as he sat upon a cross bench, or rather plank, opposite to me. To some of these questions I returned answers in whispers, without raising my head from the primer, though at the time the twenty-four characters of the alphabet were to me so many hieroglyphics. My understanding, however, on this point was soon enlightened; for the 'master' even then taught on the principle which has since made a fortune for that famous quack, Von Feinagle. The letter A he compared, very appropriately to the collar-beam of the school, and B, not quite so obviously to those

who never tasted beef, to a bull's knee. C was the exact image of a horse-shoe, and D, every gorsoon knew, resembled, for all the world, a half moon. In this way he ran through the alphabet; and, so successful was his method of teaching, that I rejoiced to find myself, on my third day's attendance, in my a-b-abs. The key once attained, the door of knowledge flew open; and, in less than a fortnight, I had put my father to the expense of purchasing the 'Universal Spelling Book.' The 'Boy who Stole Apples' was soon mastered; and that sublime and moral piece of composition, 'Tommy and Harry,' gave me indescribable satisfaction.

In a few days after this Mr. M— called at the school, and until his appearance I had thought the 'master' the mightiest and most potent being on the face of the earth, for the same reason that savages think their chiefs the most powerful of sovereigns—because they know no other. Filled with the idea that all should reverently bow to our preceptor as I and the other boys did, what was my surprise to see the 'master,' on Mr. M—'s

entering, rise respectfully from his seat—remove the hat which had hitherto been a fixture, and even lay down the all-dreaded birch. His countenance, too, underwent a change; its harsh lineaments disappeared beneath a somewhat bashful blush, and even his right hand—no longer stretched in a threatening attitude—was employed in smoothing down the lank locks over his forehead.

The embarrassment of the 'master' served to fill me with higher ideas of my patron's greatness than I had hitherto entertained; for, though I had always regarded him as a great man, I never considered him as great as the 'larned schoolmaster of B—town.' When summoned into Mr. M—'s presence, my anxiety to manifest a proper respect filled me with confusion; until the commendations of my teacher, by their flattery, restored me to composure. My patron seemed well pleased with my progress, encouraged me to persevere, gave me money to buy paper and books, and, on going away, intimated that he was about to leave Ireland for some time, and hoped on his return to find me greatly improved.

#### CHAPTER II.

From this moment I was regarded by all my school-fellows as a fortunate youth—as one destined to tread the flowery paths of life, from which a guiding hand had removed the thorns. My bosom, I own, though full of hope, was not without its anxiety; I considered myself, in some measure, as the acknowledged protégé of Mr. M—; but then his patronage, I was led to understand, depended on the successful prosecution of my education, and on the general report of my good character. For the first time I became unhappy, knew what it was to feel protracted suspense, and the toil of labouring for the pleasure of others. The acquisition of knowledge at a certain age may be its own best recompense, but in youth the rudiments of learning are to be obtained only by a sacrifice of pleasure, of ease, and what boys love best—youthful sport. The birch, or some stimulant equally powerful, is therefore necessary; but, well as I delighted to play the truant—

and what school-boy does not? the dread of immediate punishment never operated in making me industrious. My inducement to activity was founded on more cogent motives—on the hope of future reward; and I had sense enough not to place immediate pleasures in competition with prospective advantages. I applied myself diligently; and was singularly successful. I was the 'crack' scholar of the school, and great things were prognosticated of the talents I displayed.

For two years I continued this application; and, at the end of that period, had the mortification to find myself no longer remembered by my patron. He had not returned to Ireland, and it was not known when he would. Of me he had made no mention in his letters to his steward; and, as the stimulus to exertion no longer existed, I was not distressed when it pleased Heaven to call my preceptor to a better world. This occurred at the beginning of winter,

and, had I been somewhat older, I might have assumed the vacant chair, and taught ‘letters’ to the tyros of the neighbourhood. As it was, I had no resource but to shun the laugh of my playmates, who did not conceal their triumph at my disappointment, by seclusion in the ashes-corner, until called to a more active sphere of usefulness by becoming ploughboy to Jem O’Gallagher, a substantial farmer.

Mankind complain of being subject to the ‘penalty of Adam,’ when, in fact, they are daily and unnecessarily aggravating the hardships of life; and that of employing ploughboys is certainly one way. A little care bestowed on the education of horses would obviate its necessity, and thereby save their children from the consequences of premature toil, to which they are frequently inadequate. I had, however, no cause to complain. I handled the *clough* scientifically, and brought an excellent appetite to the bacon and cabbage which were, together with a *skeigh* full of laughing ‘Munster plumbs,’ placed before the family. Good eating and wholesome toil produced their natural effects. I shot up rapidly towards manhood, and had nothing to complain of but the piety of my mistress. Had she confined her devotions to herself, I should certainly have thought highly of her, for we can admire what we want courage or virtue to practice, but as she insisted on her family imitating her example, I was not always in the humour to pray. The mechanical part I continued to perform with a tolerably good grace; uttered the responses in the Rosary with becoming seriousness; but the Catechism was to me what the new law was to the Jews—a stumbling-block. Mrs. O’Gallagher was really a good woman, and sincerely religious; but she took the worst of all possible methods to teach religion to her children, and the younger branches of her domestics. She did not know, or, perhaps, had forgotten, that Solomon has said, ‘There is a time for all things;’ for at the moment when others were enjoying their Sunday sports, we were reluctantly conning over the Catechism. Our progress was such as might be expected, and religion, at least to me, assumed a

most unamiable aspect. It, or rather the Catechism, embittered the only few hours which in each week were properly at my own disposal, and though I dare not murmur against such a proceeding, lest I should be threatened with the punishment of hell, yet, like the lady in Pope, I could not refrain from secretly sighing, ‘Oh! how happy if there’s no such place.’ In fact, an incipient infidelity had stolen in upon me, and my untutored mind, in seeking apologies for my own want of piety, anticipated many of the objections which I subsequently met in the works of Voltaire and others; because, like some of the Indians of America, I had just logic enough to discover an apparent inconsistency between the doctrine of punishment and the attributes of God; forgetting, that though one of these attributes be *mercy*, another is *justice*.

This is my voluntary confession; and I shall speak truth without regarding who may be offended. Perhaps the detail of my mental suffering may be without a point—a moral; perhaps it may want the recommendation of novelty, but it shall not want the advantage of sincerity. This, at least, is in my power, and this shall be accomplished; for I shall speak without disguise of all who exercised an influence over my destiny.

It has been observed in a little work, attributed to the late Lord Fitzwilliam, in proof of the Real Presence in the sacrament, that the doctrine is too absurd in itself for any human being, of his own accord, to propose it to other men; and that if one of the apostles had submitted the doctrine to his brethren, they would have regarded him as a madman, and would have made him the subject of their ridicule. The conclusion, therefore, is, that since it is impossible it could have proceeded from man, it is evident that it must have been derived from God. This is unquestionably an argument which a Christian will find it difficult to answer; and the same argument will apply to the institution of confession. There is something so revolting to human pride—to human nature—in being compelled to make a frail being like yourself acquainted with the workings of your heart—of your mind—to tell

him how you have offended against yourself and fellow men—to make him the depository of your most secret thoughts—of your most humiliating weakness—that it never could have originated but in the infancy of Christianity. It may be productive of benefits or mischiefs—Christianity may be thought an imposition, and the Roman Catholic clergy hypocrites or impostors, but still confession must have existed from the foundation of the church; for it never could have been an after-thought—never could have been imposed upon mankind subsequently to apostolic times.

I speak feelingly on this subject; for to confession, or rather to my own impropriety in approaching the confessional at an unfitting time, much of my subsequent misery is attributable. To the consequences which directly grew out of my self-condemnation, on this occasion, am I indebted for years of anguish, and the unprofitable labour of having sought religion in the Bible. My mistress, on the approach of Easter, proposed, in a way amounting to a command, that I should prepare for my first communion. To object to this would have been to subject myself to very disagreeable suspicions; for Christians of all sects are apt to believe those who are devoid of piety to be devoid of principle. I therefore signified my consent, and when the ‘station’ was held at my master’s house, I knelt at the knee of the priest. I did not do so voluntarily—I did not do so for the purpose of unloading my conscience, but because my superiors willed it. Preparation I had made none, but still I knew enough of the form to go through it with apparent seriousness. The confessor had many to hear, and therefore dismissed me without giving me absolution. I was instructed to come to him again in a fortnight, and to read, in the meantime, certain psalms and litanies during each day by way of penance. I was willing to acquit myself of sacrilege, and for the first week I was punctual in dis-

charging this obligation; but a Sunday intervened; I had gone to a hurling, forgot my prayer-book, and went to bed without having read the allotted portion. I had offended,—as I thought, irretrievably offended; and when the fortnight had elapsed, I approached the confessional with an indescribable agony of mind. I had long wished to find religion a fable, but still, ill-instructed as I was, my prejudice—my belief was in favour of its truth. I knew my first duty was to acknowledge the non-performance of the penance imposed upon me, but I foolishly dreaded the anger of the priest, and, perhaps, did not like to confess my own want of resolution—of devotion. At one moment I had determined to tell the truth, and again abandoned the idea. In this oscillation of mind I knelt at the confessor’s knee; was asked the question I wished to avoid, and told a lie! I obtained absolution; and with the consciousness of having committed what I then believed a sacrilege, I approached the altar preparatory to communion. I had passed the rubicon, and could not retreat; my mistress was present; I received the sacrament, and retired in trembling confusion; my heart beat, my lips quivered, and I closed my eyes as it were to fly from myself. I expected nothing less than immediate dissolution as the penalty of my crime, and found relief only in tears. What was to be done? Keep the secret in my bosom, and wipe out my guilt at a future day in a general confession. The future became my consolation, and in a few days I was reconciled to myself, but never could be persuaded that Mrs. O’Gallagher acted wisely in forcing us to study our Catechism when we should have been at our sports, or in driving me to confession when I ought to have been driving the plough. I soon escaped, however, from her control. Mr. M— returned from England, enquired after me, and, on finding that I could write a tolerable hand, took me into his house in the capacity of amanuensis.

## CHAPTER III.

Mr. M—, as I mentioned in the last chapter, had just returned to Mount M—, as the place where  
August, 1826.

he resided, when in this part of the country, was called. During his absence he had lost his lady, and his

family now consisted of two daughters and one son—a lad about three years younger than I was. The domestic concerns were under the careful superintendence of a maiden of fifty, a sister to Mr. M—, and there was no want of footmen, servants, &c. Mount M— appeared to me, when I first resided there, a kind of terrestrial paradise. The red brick front of the antique dwelling, with its host of chimnies, stocked with pigeons and jackdaws, which shot above the roof, and shone even higher than the groves around, was the most magnificent piece of architecture I had ever beheld. The interior, too, so unlike that which I had been accustomed to, and the respectful attention of the various domestics, made me feel as if I had undergone a most fortunate transformation. I was soon dressed in a suit which closely approximated in quality to that worn by the young heir of Mount M—, to whom I became warmly attached, and to whose pleasures I was almost wholly devoted by his indulgent father. Mr. M—, though a magistrate, was by no means an active one; his habits were of the retiring kind, and his hours were devoted to intellectual pursuits. At first he kept me almost constantly writing; but, when his son considered my company essential to his happiness, I was detained but a few hours daily in the library. My patron was kind and indulgent; frequently said flattering things of my parts; and, with the view of qualifying me for a dependant at least, if not for a companion, he had me instructed in the classics by the tutor who was engaged for my youthful playmate. I had motives to industry that my fellow student wanted; and, of course, I soon became additionally useful to him in the capacity of prompter when reading his lessons. There can be no doubt but that I was as cringing and sycophantic as the dependants of the great ever are; but, in justice to my patrons, they never required any act of subserviency of me, inconsistent with the utmost independence.

The prospects before me were most cheering. Good conduct on my part was certain to secure me the friendship of Mr. M—; and, in case of his demise, I was pretty sure of kind

attentions from his heir, for that young gentleman, unlike most spoiled children, was not capricious, while vindictiveness and sudden anger were foreign to his gentle nature. I fared sumptuously every day, and, as the friend and companion of Master Charles, I was approached by all with the utmost deference. Still I was not happy. While under my father's roof, and subsequently while an inmate of Farmer O'Gallagher's, I felt no regret for the sort of life my parents led; neither could the sight of the ragged dress or bare feet of my little brothers and sisters give me pain. I was accustomed to these things—I shared in them, and habit had not taught me fastidiousness; but, after my residence at Mount M—, I gradually acquired a taste for higher comforts; and, as we estimate the taste of others by our own, I soon thought my relatives could not be otherwise than unhappy, seeing that they wanted those delicacies and comforts which I possessed. It is true, I approached the old smoky cabin, whenever I went to visit my parents, with delight, and always with some fruits or toys as a present for my little brethren. Their joy at seeing me, their healthy countenances, and the undisguised gladness of my poor mother, dissipated, for a moment, my most gloomy thoughts, and I confess that I quitted the homely scene of my childhood always with regret. But it was in the solitudes of Mount M— that I suffered—it was when alone and unseen, that I thought upon the abject condition of the authors of my being with regret; and at such times I could only find relief in tears. One day Mr. M— entered the library while I leaned on the desk with my hands under my face. I raised my eyes—he saw that I was unhappy, and, with a look of kindness which melted my soul into gratitude, he inquired—insisted on knowing, the cause. I could not prevaricate, hesitation might create unjust suspicions, and I was obliged to declare the truth. He heard my statement with a look not unlike that of self-accusation; and, when I had concluded, he commended my filial affection. Next day the steward informed me that he had instructions to place my father

in a vacant farm, and supply him with the requisite stock. I was full of gratitude, and resolved to repay my kind benefactor with a devotedness to terminate only with death.

Protracted happiness is not the lot of many, nor was it mine. Hitherto I had thought very little about religion; I had gone occasionally to chapel, but the Catholic clergy at this time contented themselves with the performance of their more immediate duties; they did not preach or exhort—at least they did so but very seldom; and, of course, an attendance at the place of worship was of no great benefit to one like me.

Dr. Magee, and also Dr. Doyle, I believe, have, in their evidence before the parliamentary committee, indirectly condemned the education afforded at Maynooth, and thereby cast a stigma on those who have studied there, while they agreed in giving a preference to those ecclesiastics who have been educated on the Continent. On this point, however, I beg to differ from them; and, when I assert that their opinions are at variance with the fact, I state only that which is generally entertained in Ireland. Had the former priests been animated by the same zeal, or distinguished by the same activity, which characterise the modern Catholic clergyman, I might have preserved the faith of my fathers—I might have done so erroneously if you like—I might have been the victim of superstition and prejudice, but I should have escaped the horrors of infidelity—the torture of living in doubt. I should have avoided years of fanaticism—years made unhappy by a mental palsy—a cruel and involuntary indecision. Perhaps, like all who are unhappy, I accuse others when none but myself are guilty; but at the period I speak of—and I speak without disguise—there was but little instruction given in chapels, and, as I got but little at home, I was necessarily ignorant of the leading tenets of the church I was baptised in, and to which I of right belonged.

My situation, too, exposed me to temptation: the books I read were all Protestant; for then every English publication had a slap at popery. These gradually undermined my faith—in fact, made me ashamed of my

religion, and sooner than endure repeated ridicule—for ridicule is neither the friend of truth nor virtue—I did as others did, broke through the restraints which my former belief had imposed upon me, and was in fact a Catholic only in name. At this moment the genius of Protestantism, in the form of the housekeeper, assailed me. She presented me a Bible—the first I ever read, and one, alas! I have often read since—and commenced a well-directed fire upon the creed of the Church of Rome. Catholics make proselytes by exemplifying the consistency, the order, the piety of their own church, but Protestants act differently: they say not a word about their own creed or church, but consider their point gained when they have imputed all kinds of errors to their opponents. The cause of this I may discuss hereafter.

Few, very few men understand the nature of abstract truth; they judge even religion by the conduct of its professors, and the visible nature of its ceremonies. Catholicism, in this respect, stands peculiarly inviting to assailants, and they seldom fail to avail themselves of its most defenceless points. Miss M— ran over the catalogue of what she considered absurdities, from holy water to confession. This was touching on a tender point. The memory of my sacrilegious communion had not been forgotten, and I was very willing to believe the institution of confession an arrant piece of priestcraft. Of this I soon became thoroughly persuaded, and in a very short time I became thoroughly Protestant—that is, I believed Catholicism to be a corruption of Christianity, a vile imposition. My early prejudices helped me indirectly to come to this conclusion; I had, like many uninformed Catholics, thought that Protestants not only looked black, but possessed black hearts. I, in fact, believed that they could not be good members of society, good fathers, or good children. My patron's family, exemplary in their moral conduct, undeceived me on this head; and, having detected one error in my belief—which should never have been there—the first inference was that all the others might be wrong. A breach was thus opened—a host of doubts

rushed in, and finally I was forced to surrender.

Still I made no open avowal of my change of sentiment; I did not go to church; but, when questioned by my patron, previous to attending Charles to college, I confessed my willingness to become a convert. This seemed to give him much satisfaction; and forthwith I was entrusted with the guidance of his son while absent from the parental roof. The better to effect this, I entered silent Trinity along with Mr. Charles.

While in Dublin I received a letter from my father, inquiring if the reports of my apostacy were true. For the first time something told me I had done wrong; yet I wrote a reply in justification of my conduct. This brought a rejoinder, vulgar, but bitter and sincere. Its reproaches were cutting and well directed. The boisterous life of a student, however, soon banished all bitter recollections; and, on the approach of vacation, we returned to Mount M—.

Lucy, my patron's youngest daughter, was a complete romp; she was all animation; restless and vivacious, but as beautiful as an angel. The reserve with which I was formerly treated had vanished; I was now a

student of Trinity College, and an incumbency in Mr. M—'s gift waited for me, if I chose the church. My manners were not, perhaps, altogether disagreeable, and I could play blindman's buff with great skill. One evening, while reading in the garden, Lucy came to request my attendance in the drawing-room, where I was to be blinded for her and some young visitors' sport. I promised to follow her but did not; the book interested me, and she came again. I wanted to finish the chapter; she would not let me, but snatched at the book, and in the struggle fell helpless within my left arm. My eyes rested on her lovely countenance, and, without one unworthy thought, without a feeling but that of admiration for Nature's handy work, I stooped and kissed her forehead—as I would have kissed the cheek of an infant. I raised my eyes; her father stood before us. His look was terrible, but his words were few. ‘Wretch! begone—away, child. Mr. D—, quit my house.’

I could make no reply: appearances were against me; my pride was hurt, and I did not require a second bidding. But whither was I to go? In the world I had no friend; and those who knew—despised me.

TO MRS. —.

THOU art another's now—

Yet will I not reprove thee;

But, oh! despite thy vow,

Still, dearest, must I love thee!

This heart, that yet must feel

The deepest throb of sorrow,

No joy from Hope can steal—

No bliss from Fancy borrow.

Oh! now, indeed, are gone

The dreams I long had cherished!

Each light is dimmed that shone—

Each flower that bloomed has perished.

Till now I never thought

I loved with half such madness;

This fatal blow has brought

The truth, with all its sadness.

I feel like one whose dreams

Were filled with joyous seeming;—

To whom the morning's beams

Prove 'twas indeed but dreaming.

Thou art another's now—

Yet will I not reprove thee,

But, oh! despite thy vow,

Still, dearest, must I love thee!

O'L.

## THE WHITEBOY.

By the Author of 'Tales of Irish Life.'

## CHAPTER XV.

A few mornings after the assizes, Thorndon had just sat down to breakfast, when the servant laid a letter on the table. A hasty glance at the superscription was sufficient to induce him to lower the dish of tea, then touching his lips, and tear open the seal. He did this, however, so carefully, that the well-known motto, *prennez garde*, remained uninjured, and after pressing on the paper a few ardent kisses, he ran his eye, to make assurance doubly sure, to the signature. A long sigh by way of recovering breath, and a few additional smacks on the word 'Caroline,' reduced him to serious soberness, but he had not read far, when he had to begin again. The contents surprised him, the fair writer laboured under some alarming apprehensions; and with feelings wound up to a very high tone, she had spoken with more than her wonted explicitness. 'If you wish,' she continued, 'to save me from an impending calamity—from a misfortune the greatest that could befall me, you will hasten to my relief. An interview of half a minute on this evening might secure me from danger, or, at least, could not fail to arm me with fortitude; but how to obtain this is the question. Were you a lover, Hannah could guide you through a well-known and secure labyrinth to where I could speak with you; but though I only solicit your presence—your services—as a friend, perhaps you will not feel it any way derogatory to your dignity to submit yourself to the guidance of my hand-maid, when the peace and honour of a damsel is concerned. If you do not, be in the grove that overlooks the avenue by ten o'clock this evening. Shall I calculate on your compliance?'

Thorndon had read this passage over so often, that he had taken no note of time, nor had he thought of an answer, until aroused by the entrance of a shock-headed rustic enquiring for one. 'Certainly,' was the lieutenant's reply, and immediately wrote a hasty scrawl, full, short as the time employed in the task was, of darts and ardours, not forgetting a

promise of punctuality at the appointed place and time.

The messenger dismissed, he again took up the letter, in the hope of discovering the cause of Caroline's alarm, but all was mystery. He thought a thousand things, had as many apprehensions, but all was so unsatisfactory and undefined, that, in spite of the anticipated interview, a kind of incipient melancholy was gradually stealing upon him, when he was happily aroused by the entrance of his friend Evans.

'What, Thorndon!' exclaimed the captain, 'again in the dolors? Oh! what it is to be in love. Is the fair one unkind, or has that boor of a fellow, Tim Duff, supplanted you?'

Thorndon smiled.

'Aye, aye,' continued the captain, 'I see how it is; confound me if there be any pluck in you, or you would be in possession of the treasure long since, instead of sighing for it. You are a mere boy—and a very dull boy too—to pine for the fruit that is within your immediate grasp. A race to Gretna, or to Father Harris, 9, Smithfield, Dublin—I have his number—would be delightful. I'll chalk out your path on the map—you must make a circumbendibus to avoid pursuit. Here it is;—Clonmell, first of course, then Kilkenny,—Carlow,—Nass,—and into Thomas Street, cross the bloody, or some other bridge, and next door to a straw cellar in Smithfield you will find the couplebeg—I beg pardon—the Rev. Mr. Harris. You can't miss his house, for there is a brass plate on the door.'

Thorndon sighed.

'To be serious, however,' said Evans, 'has this Irish heiress jilted you?'

'She is too unsophisticated for that.'

'What then is the matter?'

'She is unhappy.'

'I guessed as much. The course I pointed out in jest, perhaps, might be taken in seriousness.'

'Do you think so?'

'To be sure, if the lady is unhappy.'

'She is in apprehension of danger too.'

'So much the better for you; women speak like the priests of old—in riddles, because none but the initiated can understand their meaning. It is an infallible test of love, and you are a dull fellow if you can't anticipate the lady's wishes.'

'Do you think so, Evans?'

'Indeed, I do. A run-away match is the female's philosopher's stone, the summum bonum of existence. There is a romance about it that pleases their love of excitation and gossiping notoriety. It is a bit of intrigue that flatters their self-vanity, and is sometimes taken as a proof of their lover's sincerity.'

'Miss Neagle has too much good sense to be influenced by such motives.'

'So you think, but recollect she is an heiress; no woman wishes to be loved for her fortune, and how could you persuade her that your motives were disinterested, more effectually than by apparently risking her father's displeasure—that is, by carrying her off in a coach and four to Gretna.'

'I have already incurred her father's displeasure.'

'Another reason why you should take speedy steps to possess his daughter. A father's anger is like an explosion of gunpowder, frightful, but soon over.'

'You half persuade me, Evans, to act as you intimate. An opportunity now occurs to carry such a plan into execution. I am promised a secret interview this evening.'

'You are! let me accompany you? I am just up for a bit of romance.'

'Will you be my friend on the occasion?'

'Need you enquire? If the business becomes serious I'll be as grave as a churchyard.'

'Then be it so; for I am weary of suspense. I love the girl, and will have her whether portionless or not.'

The resolution was no sooner taken than measures were adopted to carry it into execution. Evans acquainted the colonel that himself and Thorndon would be absent from evening parade, and about five o'clock they got into a postchaise, and set out for the neighbourhood of Neagle-bawn. They were dressed in coloured clothes, and wrapped up in their military

cloaks. The postillions were directed to take a somewhat circuitous route, and by the time they reached the place of their destination, night in her sable livery had all things clad. The chaise was left in an obscure part of the road, and our heroes began to explore their way to the place of assignation. This they easily accomplished, for every turn in the road was familiar to the lieutenant. Just, however, as they jumped over the paling which separated the grove from the avenue, they came quite unexpectedly upon a man, who lay crouched under the hedge. Thorndon, somewhat alarmed, desired Evans to speak, as his voice would not be recognised by the person before them, who might have been placed there as a spy. The captain advanced for the purpose of interrogating the stranger, who had scarcely deigned to give them a single look. As Evans approached him, however, he arose, drew back a step or two, and thrust his hand into his bosom as if for the purpose of searching for a pistol there. Evans stopped short, somewhat intimidated; and the stranger, seeing no inclination to hostility evinced by the intruders, turned upon his heel.

'Why in such a hurry, friend,' said Evans, 'have we disturbed you?'

'Oh! no, not much, avich. The worl'd is wide enough for us all.'

'Aye, but we are fond of society.'

'So am I, when I know my company.'

'Very good; but what is to prevent us from being better acquainted?'

'Why, not much, agra, ony may be we've different businesses on hands.'

'True; what may your business be here this hour of the night?'

'Why, now that's the very question I wanted to ax you, beggin your pardon, ony I thought it would'nt be very good manners, tho' I've'nt read the 'Academy of Compliments,' like some people, from kiver to kiver.'

'A palpable hit,' said Evans. 'We're ramblers, friend, and perhaps we have a bit of an intrigue with a pretty milk-maid on hand.'

'An intrigue! Arrah, what's that, for God's sake?'

'Oh! only a love affair.'

'Well, God help my wits,' said the

stranger sarcastically, ‘ I thought till now that you were gentlemen, but sure enough you are not, though you spake the English just like Captin Thorndon, heaven bless him, for he is a real gentleman, an wouldn’t be makin love, nor skulkin like a thief, to seduce a poor friendless thackeen of a girl, any how.’

‘ Now, what would you think if we were friends of Mr. Thorndon’s ?’

‘ Troth you’re not, asthore, you wont persuade me to that, I can tell you.’

‘ Nevertheless we are his friends, and you are,’ continued Evans, ‘ agreeably to an intimation from Thorndon, ‘ Aodh Dhu.’

‘ Ha ! who tould you so ?’

‘ Why, friend, we saw you in court when Thorndon gave evidence in your favour.’

‘ Are you in earnest now ?’

‘ Certainly.’

‘ An may be you belong to the same regiment wid the captin ?’

‘ We do, indeed.’

‘ Then I can tell you that the captin ought to be here in your place.’

‘ Why so ?’

‘ Bekase why, there’s a bit of eve’s flesh, a darlin crether widin there that the captin has a gragh for, an why but he would, seein that she’s an heiress, as they say, an beside a real angel of a lady ; och ! there is’n’t the like of her in seven counties—not that she’s my foster sистher’s daughter that I say it, but she has a big scoundrel of a fadhuur who wants her not to marry the captin ; an it is whispered about among the boys that Tim Duff, the turncoat, is goin to carry her away, and marry her whether she likes or not.’

‘ Indeed !’ said Thorndon.

‘ Ay in troth ; I ony hard it this evenin, an I sent my ould mudhuur off wid word to the captin, and came here myself just to see how things are goin on ; for I’d never forgive myself if I’d let any thing happen to the young lady widout ’quaintin the captin, who saved my life, God bless him.’

‘ Grateful creature !’ ejaculated Thorndon.

‘ Whust ! what’s that ? Isn’t that the captin himself, and nobody else ?’

An explanation now took place. The lieutenant thanked Aodh Dhu for

his attention to his interest ; and the Whiteboy was apprehensive of having said something unintentionally offensive while ignorant of his benefactor’s presence. Being assured to the contrary, he was questioned concerning the information he had received respecting the intended abduction ; but all he had heard was quite unsatisfactory. He had been told that proposals were made to some of the ‘ boys,’ by Duff’s agent, to aid in carrying off Miss Neagle ; but, though he believed that his information was correct, he could not give any precise intelligence so as to remove all doubt on the subject. Tim Duff he had seen ride down to the house previous to the arrival of Thorndon and his friend.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Thorndon expected every moment to hear the approach of Hannah, but when some time had elapsed, and the waiting-maid not having made her appearance, he became considerably chagrined, and not quite free from alarm. Some unlooked-for circumstance must have occurred to prevent the expected interview. Perhaps Mr. Duff’s unwelcome presence, or, perhaps, Caroline had been carried off by her persecutor, while he idly loitered within a few perches of her chamber-window. But the idea was too painful to be indulged in for a moment, and he endeavoured to free himself from the horrid thought ; still it had obtained admittance into his bosom, and, like other loathsome visitors, it was to be ejected only by a desperate effort. Recollecting that the corporal was in the habit of holding his nocturnal assignations with Hannah in the garden, Thorndon thought it possible to obtain information by attempting to discover a passage in that quarter.

The enterprise, though apparently one of no great difficulty, presented in its execution numerous obstacles, which were, however, successively overcome. The garden once gained, he saw, with delight, a candle in his mistress’s casement. He approached it cautiously, but as it was placed at a considerable height from where he stood, he had no opportunity of ascertaining whether the chamber contained its fair tenant.

Of this, however, he had but little

doubt, and was about to cast up a shower of gravel to intimate his presence, when he heard a voice calling ‘Hannah!’ rather loudly. He listened; no answer was returned, and when Miss Neagle’s name was pronounced in a more respectful key, no reply was made. This surprised the lieutenant; he withdrew to a distance for the purpose of being able to command a better view of the window, and while he strained his eyes in the hope of spying the object they most delighted in, he saw, with surprise, a crowd of persons in her apartment. Presently the voice of confusion was heard from within; lights were to be seen ascending and descending the staircase, and every one appeared to be making inquiries which none could answer. The major’s voice was occasionally heard above that of his domestics, and Thorndon thought—not without some satisfaction—that he could distinguish the coarse person of Tim Duff, through the parlour window. Of this he had soon ocular demonstration. The door, which led directly from the dwelling house to the garden, flew open, and there rushed through it, in addition to men, maids, and scullions, the major himself, and Thorndon’s dreaded rival. This was some consolation, but an apprehension of detection now absorbed every other consideration. The lieutenant slipped behind an antique hedge of evergreens—such as usually stood in old gardens, and while he was meditating an immediate escape, his retreat was cut off, by the whole party stopping to hold a council in a gravel walk, situated in his rear.

‘She is not here,’ said Tim Duff, ‘Can any one tell me,’ enquired the major, ‘if Miss Neagle left the house during my absence this evening?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied one of the maids, ‘she went to take a walk up the avenue.’

‘And didn’t come back,’ rejoined the major; ‘I see how it is, some rascal has carried her off.’

‘I’d bet my life,’ said Tim Duff, ‘that it was Purcell.’

‘Purcell! pshaw! No, sir, it must have been that English officer, which like a viper was warmed in my bosom till he stung me, by depriving

me of my wretched child. Unhappy Caroline, how could you serve me thus?’

‘Dont weep, major,’ said Tim Duff, by way of consolation, ‘We’ll find her, wherever she is, never fear.’

‘Never fear! and do you talk thus to a father, who has lost an only child?’

‘Why, if you had fifty children,’ replied the comforter, rather nettled, ‘it’s all a case.’

‘Go to, you are a fool! an unfeeling fool,’ said the now evidently unhappy father, and hurried into the house, followed by most of the servants.

‘May be so,’ ejaculated Tim Duff, when he recovered from his reverie. ‘We’ll see that,’ said he, and left the garden.

There remained only two maid-servants in the garden, and these were in close consultation a few yards from where Thorndon stood. They were likely to be in possession of some information relative to what had taken place, but how to obtain it from them was the difficulty. To avow himself was out of the question, and to speak without being discovered was impossible. The opportunity, however, was not to be lost, and, under all the circumstances, there was only one plan likely, the lieutenant thought, to succeed. He walked up to them unperceived, and, extending both his hands, grasped the damsels in his arms. ‘Silence! not a word!’ he whispered, ‘or you are both lost.’ But his injunction was unheeded. They screamed and hallooed most lustily, and nothing now was left Thorndon but a precipitate retreat. Fear lent him wings, and in a few minutes he was beyond the garden-fence, something the worse for the breaches the thorns had made in his clothes.

The inmates of Neagle-bawn were now up in arms, and Thorndon, on rejoining his friends in the grove, judged it prudent to shift their quarters. A slight consultation put Evans and Aodh Dhu in possession of the facts, and all agreed that the lady had been forcibly carried off. Of this there was not a single doubt; but, few as they were, they disagreed respecting the person who had planned and executed the abduction.

Black Hugh swore that it was that kill-(kiln) dried Protestant, Tim Duff, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary; the lieutenant believed that it was none other than his late antagonist Purcell, and Evans remained in a state of oscillation between these two opinions, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other.

'If she's in the seven baronies,' said Aodh Dhu, 'I'll recover her.' This confident declaration inspired Thorndon with hope, and he was already beginning to meditate the degree of punishment which he proposed inflicting on Mr. Purcell. To aid Black Hugh, he proposed sending for military assistance, but the Whiteboy would not hear of such a thing. 'A thousand men,' said he vauntingly, 'wait but my beck to spring to my side, and now, please Goodness, we'll set about our work.'

Thorndon and his friend followed the footsteps of the late outlaw, and he led them over a very unequal surface by paths easily trodden, which showed the intimate acquaintance of their guide with the most unfrequent parts of the country. When they arrived within a few paces of a lonely cottage, Aodh Dhu desired them to halt and remain silent, while he went to make some inquiries.

'Hollo!' he cried in a feigned voice, knocking at the door, 'is Larry Callaghan widin?'

'To be sure I am,' replied Larry, after getting out of his bed; 'what do you want ov me?'

'Nothin, ony just to ax if you hard that the Buck had taken away Square Neagle's daughter?'

'Oh! be easy now,' said Larry from within, 'sure you're not in arrest.'

'Troth but I am though,' replied Aodh Dhu.

'Well, I'm glad of't,' returned Larry, 'I hard somethin about it, but didn't think 'twas to take place so soon. The young master, however, wants the fortune badly, for troth betune ourselves he's over head and ears in debt.'

'Indeed,' said Black Hugh:—'then good-night, Larry.'

'Good-night kinely,' said Larry, and Aodh Dhu affected a careless

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whistle as he walked from the cabin door. After making similar inquiries at several other houses, he assured Thorndon that Purcell had nothing to do in the business; for if he had, the persons at whose houses he had inquired must have been engaged in it, as they were his most dependent tenantry.

Thorndon was not convinced by this reasoning, but he made no observation, and they next proceeded under various pretexts to ascertain whether the 'boys' in Tim Duff's interest were, like loyal subjects, domiciled in their respective cabins. Aodh Dhu displayed much ingenuity in putting his queries, without discovering either himself or the purpose of his visit, and many of the answers he received were ridiculous enough, and, under other circumstances, would have been amusing enough to the military friends. The result of their inquiries were nearly as favourable to Mr. Duff as to Purcell; and as the horizon now intimated the approach of day, Evans proposed to take some rest, previous to making further inquiries. Black Hugh concurred in this view of the case, and having aroused the landlord of a hedge alehouse, he left his friends to snatch a momentary repose, while he went to put a number of inferior agents in motion, to further the recovery of the mistress of his benefactor.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Aodh Dhu, agreeably to his promise at departing, was early with his friends, and he came not unaccompanied. He numbered at least twenty followers in his train, and intimated that he had despatched as many others in various directions. This gave Thorndon a new assurance of hope; for it was very improbable, if not impossible, that Miss Neagle had been carried out of the immediate neighbourhood. Elsewhere she would have an opportunity of making her case known, and of finding assistance; but in this part of the country abduction, from its frequency, had lost much of its revolting atrocities.

Breakfast being concluded, Thorndon wrote a note to Major Neagle, candidly avowed his attachment to his daughter, and confessed that he had overheard the charge against himself

on the preceding evening ; he hoped to be justified in making use of information somewhat surreptitiously obtained, when it went to disabuse an unhappy father of false impressions, and to set himself right in the estimation of a former friend. With the major he declared himself willing to co-operate in aiding the recovery of Miss Neagle ; and whether he were favoured with her father's company or not, he promised to persevere in the endeavour to restore Caroline to her home and friends. The messenger who had been despatched with this note returned, saying, that Major Neagle had gone into town for military assistance, but that a person, who was to follow him, had promised to deliver Mr. Thorndon's note.

Aodh Dhu despatched his scouts in various directions with private instructions, and was preparing to accompany his friends in their search, when a gentleman rode up to the ale-house door, just as Thorndon was stepping out of it. The recognition was mutual, and so was their surprise. ' Purcell !' exclaimed the lieutenant. ' Thorndon !' responded Purcell, in somewhat a gayer tone, and, before his old antagonist could say another word, continued, ' confound me, captain, but you are a lucky dog ; you were all along on the right scent while we were beating about the bush.'

' I don't understand you, sir,' said Thorndon.

' To be sure not, to be sure not ; the thing is a secret, but Ned Purcell can give and take, and likes a successful player, though he be the loser himself.'

' You speak in riddles, sir.'

' Riddles, ha ! ha ! the chaise and four was no riddle, captain. The lady is safe, and you are here—a kind of feint to puzzle the pursuers. You military men are up to these things. Caroline is well I hope ?'

' Do you speak of Miss Neagle ?' asked Thorndon, for this familiarity with her Christian name displeased him.

To be sure.—Who else do you think ?—You are a lucky dog, captain. Ned Purcell angled for the prize, but lost it when almost hooked ; but I am not jealous, captain ; curse

me if I envy you ; but how is Caroline ?'

' Sir,' said the lieutenant, his choler rising, ' this bantering will not avail you. Some villain has carried away Miss Neagle from her father's house. I suspect that you are that villain, and was about going in pursuit of you. This rencontre saves me further trouble, for I shall now insist on your restoring the young lady to her friends.'

Purcell looked astonished, though an incipient smile played upon his lip. ' You are,' said he, at length, to Thorndon, ' a most capital actor, or I have wronged you.'

' It is not the first time, sir.'

' No remembrance of old sores, captain, but answer me one plain question.—Are you serious ?'

' You'll find that I am, sir.'

' Be cool, captain ; Ned Purcell is not to be intimidated ; you know that he is not ; but I can excuse your warmth, for, curse me, I am getting angry myself. Tim after all has jockeyed me ; who could have thought it ?'

' What do you mean ?'

' A word in private,' said Purcell, and led the way into the little parlour, followed by Thorndon and his friend. When they were alone he continued : ' captain, we have been both deceived.'

' What makes you think so ?'

' I shall tell you ; but recollect, I enjoin secrecy. Duff and I are old companions, though damn me if ever I liked him. Tim has got a liquorish tooth, and wanted, right or wrong, to get Caroline for a wife. The major, who is an old saw, didn't much like the proposal ; but still he is greatly encumbered, and Tim is wealthy. He gave a sort of half-promise, if the young lady did not demur ; but, as you had stolen her heart, you villain ! she frowned upon my friend Timothy. He made his complaint to me, not to ask my advice, for he resolved to surprise the fort, as you military men would say, by a coup de main. In a word, he determined to carry Caroline away, get married by a couple beggar, leave the lady no alternative but to acknowledge him for her husband, and rested pretty secure in the forgiveness of the old man —'

' The scoundrel !' interrupted Thorndon.

'Well,' continued Purcell, 'I always liked a bit of mischief; and so I resolved to spoil this sport, and play the game myself. Don't put on such a long face, Captain; I have eyes and a heart as well as yourself, and on both of these Caroline had made an impression. I did resolve on anticipating Tim, but not to marry the lady without her free will and consent. No, curse me, no, I couldn't be the villain Duff proposed to be. I thought,' he continued, looking down complacently at his person, 'that Caroline might not altogether object to me, and that by saving her from Tim, she might, out of gratitude, be persuaded to marry me. To-morrow night Tim was to have carried his plan into effect; this night I was to have deceived him, but he must have discovered my intention, and hastened on his operations.'

'Do you believe him?' whispered Evans in Thorndon's ear. 'Hardly,' replied the lieutenant.

As if for the purpose of removing all doubt from Thorndon's mind, Purcell proposed to accompany him in his inquiries; and that he might do so on a footing of perfect equality, he desired the landlord to send a 'garsoon' home with his horse. This seeming disinterestedness partially counteracted the lieutenant's suspicions; and they had not travelled half an hour together, till he became convinced that Purcell was not the *abductor*. The thoughtless gaiety, the candour of his confessions, and the undisguised manner in which he acknowledged his own private sins, gave evidence of a mind—vitiated it is true—but still of a nature too unsteady and too transparent to meditate plans of atrocity, or gloss them over if they had been perpetrated. Purcell would have been pronounced a fool by one half of mankind, and the other half could hardly call him vicious. An ill-regulated mind, though not positively bad, plunged him perpetually into petty mischief; and from bad habits, early acquired, he pursued gross pleasures with a recklessness that bordered on criminality. His neighbours were indulgent; for, on the whole, he was rather a favourite. The day was peculiarly favourable. A mountain breeze mitigated the heat of an autumnal sun; and as all the

peasantry were abroad getting up the harvest, Aodh Dhu and his myrmidons were enabled to make the necessary inquiries without creating either surprise or suspicion; but though his scouts successively returned and departed, and though he was himself indefatigable, all their endeavours were fruitless. Thorndon began to despair; and, though Evans from time to time pointed out to him the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and called his attention to each delightful prospect which the abrupt nature of the country afforded; he took no heed of these things, but thought how much happier every person he met was than himself. Ned Purcell, however, laughed both loud and long, jested with the peasant girls, and seemed as if he were on a party of pleasure, instead of being in search of a young and innocent female, whom he had every reason to suppose was miserable, in her concealed situation.

Evening now approached, and no tidings of the object of their search had been received. A long valley between two hills was all that remained to be explored; and this, too, they accomplished without obtaining any clue to the retreat of the fugitive. A council of war was now held; and while they were deliberating whether they would return or penetrate still further, a blast of a rude horn was heard. 'It is only reapers,' said Ned Purcell. 'I know better,' replied Aodh Dhu. Again a blast was blown; and again the sound was reverberated from the surrounding hills. It had a peculiar and delightful effect, in the sombre stillness of the evening; and when it had been repeated for a third time, Black Hugh replied by a shrill whistle. All again was silence; and in a few minutes several persons were seen descending through a narrow defile. They advanced with a quick step, and soon arrived at the place where the party were standing. Thorndon now perceived that the leader of this little band was none other than Nell M'Carthy. A red cloak was thrown across her arm, and her flowered gown being drawn up through the pocket holes on each side, displayed her blue stockings and substantial brogues. She made, as she approach-

ed, a few low curtsies, and called out, ‘ Hughy !’ in an important and authoritative tone ; then walked to a short distance, where she was quickly joined by her son. They whispered together for a moment. ‘ That’s enough,’ said Aodh Dhu, loud enough to be heard by the party ; ‘ fly, you mudhur, an leave the rest to me. Gentlemen,’ he continued, turning round, ‘ all isn’t lost that’s in danger. The enemy is at work, but I’ll settle ‘em. Follow me.’

He spoke like a man in the habit of being obeyed, and, as danger approached, his manner assumed that decisive tone which had given him so much influence over the discontented spirits of the district. The deference he had hitherto paid to his military friends was for a moment forgotten, and he walked forward at the head of the party as if success depended upon his individual management. He spoke a few words, in Irish, to some of his rustic attendants, when they vanished in different directions ; but after a walk of two hours they joined him at a cross road, as had been evidently arranged between them, with considerable reinforcements.

‘ I say, Aodh Dhu,’ said Mr. Purcell, ‘ what the devil are you after ?’

‘ Never mind, Mr. Purcell. If you are a friend, as you say, of the captain, you’ll show blud ; if not, away wid you, and fair weather aither you.’

Without waiting for a reply, he commenced putting his force in order ; but, as he spoke in Irish, Thorndon could not comprehend his intended movements. It was a moment of the utmost anxiety to our hero ; but as every thing indicated a closer approximation to the presence of his mistress, he was glad when the leader of the little band gave orders to advance. A small party, however, remained at the cross roads ; at about twenty perches onward another party halted ; and at an equal distance the main body came to a stand.

‘ I think,’ said Aodh Dhu, ‘ that all is right, for yondher is the house where Miss Neagle is livin wid a sistar of her own maid’s ; but my mudhur sed that some fellows were to carry her away this evening ; for they had found out where she was— but whist ! what’s that ? Thonomon, duoul, if it ent the boys.

‘ Here they are !’ cried a person, who turned out to be Nell, running towards the party.

This information seemed but too accurate ; the galloping of horses was heard at a short distance, and the screams of women from the cabin pointed out as the place of Caroline’s detention, showed that Nell had been rightly informed. In a moment Aodh Dhu had his force arrayed on each side of the road ; and when the hostile party came up, they were surrounded in an instant. All was now confusion. Pop ! pop ! went the pistols ; and Nell’s screams were audible above the noise of battle. A female threw herself from behind a horseman ; and as Thorndon, thinking it was his mistress, rushed towards her, he encountered a man of large stature, with his face concealed beneath a black gauze. In a moment the lieutenant was cast to the earth, and his antagonist was about to plunge a sword in his breast, when he was staggered by the blow of a pistol inflicted by Ned Purcell, who, to do him justice, seemed quite at home in the affray. The stranger now abandoned the lieutenant, and bestowed all his fury on Thorndon’s deliverer. Ned’s wiry frame withstood the shock for some minutes, but the superior strength of his opponent prevailed. Purcell was violently thrown to a distance, but was not stunned by the fall ; for, when his conqueror had recovered from the inclination given his body by his late effort, he received the contents of a pistol fired by Ned, while in a recumbent posture. ‘ Purcell, you have killed me !’ was the exclamation of the wounded man as he fell to the earth. ‘ Tim Duff, by Heaven !’ was Ned’s reply. ‘ The master is shot !’ was now shouted by several voices, and the contest almost immediately ceased.

‘ Is Miss Neagle safe ?’ was Thorndon’s first question.

‘ She is here, avourneen,’ replied Nell, ‘ more dead nor alive ; but she’ll soon be well enough, plase God.’

Thorndon flew to his mistress : she was lying in Nell’s lap, who had seated herself on the side of the road ; and, when he had impressed a few pardonable kisses on her forehead, she seemed to revive. At this moment another voice, of one apparently

in great distress, was heard from the opposite ditch. It was that of the waiting-maid, who, in her hurry to escape, had plunged into a bush of briars, from which she could not get free until forcibly dragged from her unpleasant detainers. Being now convinced that there was no further danger, Hannah was persuaded to bestow her attentions on her young mistress.

When Thorndon returned to the group around Tim Duff he found Aodh Dhu leaning over him, endeavouring to impress something very earnestly upon the wounded man.

'I am not dying,' was his reply.

'Oh! but I know better,' rejoined Aodh Dhu; 'all the docthers in

Europe, Asia, Africa, and America couldn't cure you; an, if you wish to save your poor ould soul, let me send fur the priest.'

The wretched man replied—if reply it were—in a groan, and the indefatigable Black Hugh continued. 'Your father, an your father's father, was Romans afore you, an will you shame your seven generations by not turnin afore you die?'

The wounded wretch gave no reply, and on examination it appeared that life had vanished. 'Whoo—o—op!' exclaimed Ned Purcell, 'this is a bad business; but witness, gentlemen, it was in fair quarrel. Curse on me but I'm sorry for poor Tim, for there were worse fellows in Tipperary.'

#### THE FRENCH SERJEANT.\*

THIS book is a curiosity *sui generis*. It is a pure emanation of that gasconading spirit which pervades a large portion of the French people; and is, we are quite certain, a faithful picture of the feeling of the 'Great Army'; for though the serjeant be but an individual, he is imbued with that inflated pride which led them first to victory and subsequently to defeat. His book is not sufficiently extravagant to be entitled a romance, and wants that soberness which could persuade us that it is a faithful memoir. He tells us some truly Munchausen stories—such as making three officers prisoners at the same moment, and that too without having, as Paddy would say, surrounded them. Shooting Lord Nelson was one of his least exploits, but unfortunately his ball entered the side in which his lordship was *not* wounded. Soldiers, however, must see and do strange things; and we are sorry the serjeant has not told us more of what he saw and less of what he did. We should have preferred camp anecdotes to his political reflections, and been better pleased with a history of his sufferings than of his triumphs; but he has contrived to disappoint us in this respect; not, however, without having furnished us with a somewhat amusing book. We shall first give

an epitome of his career, after which we shall make a few extracts, certainly not the least entertaining in the work.

The following is a brief summary of the serjeant's career:—Robert Guillebard was born at Sixfour, near Toulon; he was drawn as a conscript in 1805, and soon after sent on board Admiral Villeneuve's fleet. He was present at the battle of Trafalgar; and was supposed to be the man who shot Lord Nelson. After the action, he became secretary to Villeneuve, accompanied him on his return to France, and saw him assassinated at Rennes. Guillebard was now ordered to Paris, brought into the presence of Buonaparte, and examined respecting his knowledge of the circumstances attending the admiral's death. He then joined the army in Germany, was present at the siege of Stralsund, returned to France, fought a duel at Lyons, in which he was wounded; and then, on his recovery, marched again to Germany, fought at Wagram, under the command of the celebrated Oudet, who was mortally wounded in a nocturnal encounter with the enemy. The Serjeant then marched to Spain, was made prisoner by a band of peasants, and sent to the Island of Cabrera, where six thou-

\* 'Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from 1805 to 1815. Written by himself. London: Colburn, 1826.'

sand of his countrymen were detained; after a detention of several months he escaped to the coast, joined the French army then besieging Tortosa, distinguished himself during the siege, was promoted to the rank of Serjeant, and received the *then* much valued cross of the legion of honour.

' He again joined the army in Germany in 1812, fought in the Russian Campaign, was engaged in the battle of Borodino, after which he was made an officer by Napoleon in person; in the evening after this battle he was wounded in a skirmish with the enemy, taken prisoner and sent to Siberia. He remained in Siberia till 1814, when he was allowed to return. At the time of Napoleon's return from Elba, he was serving in the Duke of Angoulême's army in the South—and saw the massacre of the Protestants at Nismes. Soon afterwards he assisted Joachim Murat (King of Naples) in escaping from Toulon to Corsica, and accompanied him on his expedition to the coast of Calabria, where Murat lost his life. He was sent to Spain in 1823, and shortly afterwards discharged from the service.'

His interview with Buonaparte is thus described:—

' On the day of the admiral's death, the seals were placed on his effects and papers, which were sent I know not where. For myself, I next day received from the commissary an order to join the dépôt of my regiment, which happened to be at Paris. I set out the same day, and reached my destination on the 19th of May.

' Some days after my arrival, at the roll-call at ten o'clock, the serjeant major ordered me to leave the ranks and go with him to the major's. I saw there a colonel, who after ascertaining that my name was Guillemand, told me to follow him. He entered a very handsome carriage at the gate of the barracks, but he found it necessary to give me a formal order, as well as to make me a sign, before I mounted also. I was not without anxiety about the consequences of an adventure that began in such an extraordinary manner, and the rigorous silence which the officer observed was not fitted to tranquillize me. The rapidity of our motion increased my agitation still more, for, to tell the truth, this was the first time in my life I had been in such a splendid carriage, and I did not even know the conveniences of a hackney coach except by report. But I had no time to make long reflections. After traversing a spacious square, we stopped in front of a vast palace, guarded by several military posts. This was the Tuileries, which I did not yet know. We alighted, and the colonel made me enter into a guard house, where he told me to stay. The vague fears I had felt at first, increased every moment. I waited in this way for more than two hours, not knowing whether I was free or under the charge of the post, consisting of soldiers belonging to the guards, who in fact, paid very little attention to me. At last, a young colonel of engineers entered hastily and cried out "Guillemand;" I replied "here," and followed him. After passing through various apartments, we entered a hall, where my guide told me to wait. In about half an hour (I am not very certain of the exact time, for I confess I was quite out of my element) he half opened the door by which he had disappeared, made me a sign, and I entered a cabinet, where he remained standing and uncovered, a few paces behind another individual busily writing. I was also standing and much embarrassed with my looks, but nobody thought of these but myself. After several minutes, the person who was seated rose abruptly, and said to the officer, "leave us." He retired with a profound bow. This word, and the gesture that accompanied it, with the respect shown by the officer, instantly struck me with the idea that I was in the emperor's presence. He turned towards me, and notwithstanding my confusion, I recognized a countenance whose features and expression were then deeply engraved in every soldier's thoughts. After casting a rapid glance at me, "what is your name," said he. At the moment I had almost forgotten my own name, and was so confounded that I opened my mouth without being able to articulate a word. He

repeated his question in a tone of kindness that gave me the force of stammering out—"Robert Guillermard?"—"Were you at Rennes with Admiral Villeneuve?"—"Yes, general." I did not then know that he was styled Sire. "What do you know about his death?" "A great deal," replied I, with a confidence that increased every moment. He was struck with surprise, and ordered me to relate all the particulars of that event. The account I gave was doubtless not very eloquent, but it was authentic and very circumstantial. Whilst I spoke, the emperor walked slowly up and down the cabinet, with his arms folded. He several times stopped to listen to me with more attention; but he stopped abruptly when I spoke of the five individuals whom I thought guilty of the admiral's death, and when I attempted to describe the man who seemed to be their director, he suddenly stopped me, and inquired: "Should you be able to know him again?" "Yes, general." The emperor stamped on the floor, and walked over the room with an angry aspect. He rung the bell, and said to the officer who came, "Call Decrès." I was then taken to the hall in front of the emperor's cabinet. In about a quarter of an hour I saw a rear admiral enter, who was immediately introduced. I was soon after introduced myself, and saw that it was the minister of the marine.

The emperor, whose physiognomy had assumed a more sombre expression, ordered me to repeat my account; the moment I had finished he turned to the minister and said: "You have heard what he says, let an inquiry be instantly made—see Fouché, and let these men be tried." The minister began to urge that official documents proved that I was mistaken. But the emperor would not let him conclude, and said to him: "It is enough—do as I tell you." The minister withdrew, and the emperor made me a sign that I might retire. When I had reached the door, he said: "From what part of the country are you?" I stopped and answered: "From Sixfour." "Near Toulon?"—"Yes, Sire," said

I this time, for I had heard the minister. "Ah—ah, I went there during the siege, to observe the English positions. It is quite a signal post, a complete eagle's nest. What is your father?" "He is the notary and mayor of the village," said I, assuming a look of importance. "How long have you been in the service?" "Thirteen months." "That is not much—but it's no matter—you may go."—

'I retired enchanted. I had no doubt but I should be made a corporal the same day, a serjeant the next, and should be pushed from rank to rank by the last look of the emperor. The only advantage, however, that I derived from this interview is the recollection of it that I retain. The brilliant hopes with which I flattered myself for a few days were overthrown by the emperor's occupations, when he was on the eve of entering into a war with the fourth coalition.

'It is not long since I read the work of Dr. O'Meara. He relates that in his conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena, the latter spoke very fully of the admiral's death, and explained how he had killed himself by five stabs of a poignard. I am far from contesting the veracity of the Irish doctor; but certainly Napoleon had greatly changed his mode of thinking, or had totally forgotten the particulars of my narrative, which, however, seemed to convince him at the time, and produced the strongest impression on his mind.'—P. 36—40.

Being wounded at the battle of Wagram, he was carried to the hospital or ambulance. 'The day,' says he, 'after I was sent to the ambulance it was visited by the Emperor, accompanied by Massena and two or three general officers; he was a quarter of an hour in visiting our ward. A calm and satisfied look shone on his countenance: he had no sword, and had under his arm his hat full of gold coin. He stopped at every bed, said something to every patient, inquired about his wound, and before going further, threw on the bed two or three Napoleons, according to the patient's rank. When he left our ward, we made an effort to rise up on our beds, in spite of the sufferings

we felt, and saluted him with acclamations which he received with a smile of kindness and goodwill, casting a last glance round the hall before he went out. It was thus that the emperor inspired the soldier with enthusiasm.'—P. 73, 74.

The following picture will show in what estimation the Spanish guerillas held the life of a Frenchman.

'On the 15th of January, the regiment received orders to march; we passed through Arragon by short marches, crossed the Ebro at Alborga, and remained a few days at Galba. The general opinion was that the marshal was preparing to besiege Valentia, and that we were to form a part of the troops employed. A few days after our arrival at Galba, an order of the day informed us that about four thousand men belonging to our corps had met, between El Povo and Terruel, the Spanish corps of General Villa Campa, and had defeated them, after an engagement, where the latter suffered a great loss. This we were not surprised at: to tell us at this period that a French corps had met the enemy, was saying enough; the rest was a matter of course.

'We left Galba a few days after hearing this news, persuaded that we were going to support and follow up the successes of the troops that were a-head of us. As the country we passed through had been already occupied by the French, I went forward along with the harbingers of the two battalions, accompanied by an escort, to prepare quarters for our respective companies. The morning of the day at which we were to arrive at Terruel, my companions had already been gone half an hour before I reached the guard-house, our usual place of meeting. I was obliged to set out with only two soldiers of my company who were along with me; and we hurried forward in the expectation of speedily coming up with the other harbingers. The little we had heard of the war in Spain, and the guerillas, gave us no desire of marching in such small numbers: we had already met some peasants, whose answers informed us that our companions were far a-head of us; and in spite of our strong desire of continuing our journey, we

were obliged to halt about eight o'clock at a wretched tavern on the road to take some refreshment. At nine o'clock we were again on our rout; my two men were about a hundred paces in front of me, and I was hurrying forward to join them, when I heard some shots in front. I rushed forward, and was soon able to distinguish, at the turn of the road, about thirty persons shouting violently, and in the greatest confusion. I stopped for an instant to examine what could be the matter, when seven or eight individuals left the crowd, and hastened towards me. I had not time to think that I was about to be attacked, when I was struck, disarmed, and led, or rather dragged towards the main band, in the midst of whom I was thrown with violence. The first object that struck me, was one of my soldiers horribly mutilated, and with his head separated from his body: the other with his clothes torn to pieces, bloody, and covered with wounds, still struggled against the blows that were showered on him, and which seemed to be given so as to make his sufferings more lingering. I was soon exposed to similar blows myself, and some strokes of the butt-end of a musket, were the commencement of the treatment reserved for me; I expected nothing but death, when suddenly one of the individuals pronounced some Spanish words, which made the rest retire a few paces; he came up to me bluntly, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and asked me in very good French, if I did not recognise him. I had not had too much time to look at him till this moment. I did so now, and after a moment's hesitation I remembered having seen, and even having been acquainted with him, but where or under what circumstances I could not recollect. It was only necessary for him to mention his name to recall them to my mind in a moment. It was Valdejo, the young Spanish volunteer of the corps of Romana, to whom I had been of service when I was stationed at Wischendorf, in Mecklenburgh.

'We did not remain ten minutes after the skirmish I have just mentioned on the spot where it had taken place. I should have liked that these

guerillas had stopped a little longer, as I was certain that the advanced guard of our regiment would be up in two hours, and might deliver me. Valdejo ordered it otherwise; he commanded his men to march; they left the high road, threw themselves to the right, through fields at first, and then entered upon a wretched path, which led I knew not where. We had left on the road the body of the soldier who had been killed. The other, who for a long time was exposed to the inhuman cruelty of our guides, was covered with deep wounds, and could scarcely keep up with us; but they now began to pay some attention to him, and to spare him from further suffering; they even halted in a wood to dress his wounds. Valdejo, notwithstanding the marks of friendship he had shown me, did not think proper to restore my arms, but marched alongside of me at the head of his little band. He repeatedly expressed to me how happy he felt in having met with me, for he said that if I had fallen into the hands of any other partisan chief, I should have assuredly been massacred. He informed me that some time after the return of Romana's corps to Spain, he felt disgusted with the army in consequence of the ill-treatment he met with from his captain, had obtained leave to quit his regiment, and had retired to Tierga, a village in Arragon, where his family had large estates; but that in a short time the aspect the war assumed, the desires of his relations, and especially of his uncle the priest, had prevailed on him to enter anew upon the career of arms, and that he was one of the officers of the partisan leader Porlier, whom he was preparing to join. He assured me that I might be tranquil about my safety; that so far from allowing the smallest injury to be done me, he was ready to do for me every thing in his power; but that at the same time his devotion to his country imperiously forbade him to give me my liberty; that he would, consequently, leave me at the first dépôt for prisoners we should meet on our route, where he would take care to procure me all the comforts that he was able.

' After marching till four o'clock in  
August, 1826.

the afternoon, we halted at a solitary farm house to pass the night. The inhabitants came several times and thrust their fists in my face, and would not have been satisfied with this, had not Valdejo got at last seriously angry, and threatened to draw his sabre in my defence. My soldier died the same evening from the effects of his wounds.

' We again set out the next morning at day-break. Valdejo informed me that unless unexpected circumstances occurred, we should sleep at La Puebla, where he hoped to meet Porlier and the main body of his troops, that was, if the march of the French army had not forced them to move in another direction. We followed for several hours a well beaten path. About ten in the morning, we found on the road the hat of a French non-commissioned officer, covered with mud, and with the plate torn off. A little farther we saw the epaulets of a light infantry officer, a gun-stock, and the bandrol of a cartridge box cut in two by the stroke of a sabre and stained with blood. The band stopped a moment to look at these things, and then continued their march. We had not gone thirty paces farther before we saw, stretched across the path, the body of a French soldier, mutilated in a manner equally indecent and horrible. Two others were hanging on trees, and bore the marks of cruel and protracted torments; a fourth, with his head cut off, was hung up by one of his feet. If the Spaniards who escorted me could not refrain from displaying the ferocious joy they felt at such a sight, it was entirely impossible for me to repress a burst of horror and indignation, for which I was on the point of being massacred. Valdejo had again a great deal of trouble to save me from the ferocity of his companions. These things announced to me a melancholy lot for the future, and I thought with deep depression of mind upon all the misery that awaited me when I should be delivered up to Spaniards who had had no former connection with me, and who would consequently treat me as they were in the habit of treating every Frenchman whom chance placed in their merciless hands.

'In the evening we reached La Puebla, where Porlier came to meet us with some of his officers; here I encountered further danger, from the guerillas themselves, and from the mob who followed them, and vented their opprobrious epithets at me. I was protected, as I had hitherto been by the friendship of Valdejo; and I was even treated on his account with a sort of goodwill by the officers of his corps. He remained two days at La Puebla, during which I lodged with him and scarcely ever left his side. On the second evening he informed me that he was ordered by Porlier to go to Palma on a secret mission, that he would set out next morning with four men only; and that I was to go with him to form part of the dépôt of French prisoners of war at Majorca.'—P. 82—87.

The employments of the French prisoners on the sterile Island of Cabrera were truly national.

A month elapsed without making any change in our situation; nothing had occurred, we had imagined nothing practicable to get away. Our supply of provisions, which should have been brought us every four days, sometimes did not come for twenty-four hours after; and the greater part of the prisoners were without sustenance, and made fasts not prescribed by Senor Estrebrich, and which were sometimes of three days duration, for several of them eat up their rations during the first two days. They then lived on roots and wild plants, and were conveyed in great number from their huts to the cemetery. Some of the resources they had found, on their arrival in the island, were now almost entirely exhausted. At the time I came several of them were accustomed to swim in the morning to some of the small isles that are off Cabrera, and examined them so carefully, that they returned back in the evening with a small cargo of oysters and crabs, which they took to the bazaar for sale. Others went in the same way to a small isle that had formerly merited the name of *Rabbit Island*. If they found any traces of rabbits, that had survived the general destruction made of them by the original natives of Cabrera, they watched beside the

barrow; and if they were obliged to watch three days, as their prey must either come in or go out, they had the patience to wait and seize upon their victim. At this period a rabbit was an object of high importance, particularly when the Spaniards seemed to have forgotten us. Eatables of all kinds then rose to a shocking price, whilst everything not eatable was considered of no value. I remember seeing a very fine gold watch sold for half a pound of bread. There was no credit given in those times, and it was assuredly not amid such scenes that a debt of fifteen hundred francs had been contracted for a quantity of pieces of bread of an ounce in weight, the vouchers for which I myself saw presented to the council of administration of a particular corps, which paid them without hesitation.

'My companions and myself took care to have always more than one day's provisions in advance, and this surplus we endeavoured to increase by every means in our power, so that we might have a supply in case we were so fortunate as to escape; and this hope made our privations less painful.

'Meanwhile, every one was busy at Cabrera; we had tailors, shoemakers, public criers, artisans in hair, bones, and tortoise-shell, and some who cut out with their knives little figures of animals in wood; and about two hundred men, the wreck of a dragoon regiment, raised in Auvergne, were quartered in a cave, and made spoons of box-wood. The latter had only one pantaloons and one uniform among the whole corps, and these articles seemed ready to leave them very speedily, and were delivered successively to one of their number appointed to receive their provisions. All the articles I have enumerated were sold at low prices, to the crews of the brig and gun-boats, and to some Spaniards, whom our singular mode of life, or the hope of making a good speculation, attracted to our settlement.

'But the most abundant articles with us, were professors of all kinds. One half of the prisoners gave lessons to the other half. Nothing was seen on all sides, but teachers of music,

four hours before, singing a very gay air of a country dance, and interrupting it from time to time, for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour, to his pupil dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers: "That's right, keep time with your partner, wheel round, hold yourselves gracefully." A little farther on, a teacher of single-stick was showing off his acquirements, and endeavoured to excite the emulation of his pupil by such phrases as: "That will do; I am satisfied with you, if you go on with the same success, in less than a fortnight you may shew yourself in company." A scrap of paper, about as large as one's hand, was placed as a sign, and the most eminent of all our professors had no better.

'I was also desirous of doing something; but I had no notion of either

giving or receiving lessons. After reflecting a great deal, I thought that on account of the want of occupation in which many of the prisoners were placed, a theatre must be eminently successful, and I was astonished that no one had thought of it before. Indeed some scenes had been performed, but it was in the open air, and had not been thought of as an object of speculation. My ideas were quite grand compared to such things. I resolved on being at one and the same time, if necessary, author, actor, director and machinist, and to make my companions partners in my labours.'—P. 105—108.

After encountering a variety of adventures by flood and field, the serjeant now sojourns in his native village—unhappy enough; for he can find no one in the place who feels delighted with an old soldier's narrative.

#### THE BIBLICAL CONTROVERSY.\*

We do not believe that history can furnish an instance of a revolution so rapid and so complete as that which has taken place in public opinion, during the last two years, respecting the Catholic clergy of Ireland; and as the unanimous testimony which is now borne to their worth, piety, and talents, is the consequence of open and manly discussion, we hope none will, hereafter, be so silly as to imagine that the cause of truth and virtue are disserved by public controversy.

The iron code which so long ground down the people of Ireland, was in nothing more intolerable than in the facility it afforded every sycophant of power to insult the religion and the religious teachers of the country with impunity. The most revolting doctrines—the most ridiculous practices, were imputed to the Catholic clergy without the dread of contradiction. The place-hunters, and parasites of the day, knew that their *cue* was to dress up a thing of their own imagining, endow it with gross and improbable attributes, and then call the ideal monster the Church of Rome. When we recollect that they laboured under no restraint but what their own

consciences imposed, it is not to be wondered at that they have left us such distorted pictures of a religion even then professed by the vast majority of the civilized world.

Impunity inspired confidence, and confidence in the end secured credence. The falsehood, from repetition, acquired something like the consistency of truth, and the credulous were gulled the more easily from the gagging laws which kept close the lips of those who could disabuse the public mind. The Catholic clergy lived only by connivance, or by stealth. They dared not avow their tenets or principles in the face of day; and though a few hardy spirits attempted from time to time to proclaim the truth, their endeavours were necessarily restricted, as the press was exclusively in the service of their opponents. Even when O'Leary, a man at the mention of whose name sectarianism abandons its prejudice for praise, found it necessary to ask the permission of the Protestant bishop, before he could undertake to counteract the dangerous tendency of an infidel's book!

Is it then any wonder that Protestants, particularly English Pro-

\* Controversial Letters, in reply to Rev. Mr. Pope, Rev. Mr. Daly, Rev. Dr. Singer, and others. Also remarks on the Canon of the Holy Scriptures, by the Rev. William Kinsella, &c. Scully, Dublin, 1826.

testants, believed the uncontradicted statements so confidently sent forth? and, believing these, it necessarily followed that they regarded the Irish priesthood as the blind leaders of the blind—as men whose very existence depended on their endeavours to perpetuate the ignorance of their followers—as hypocrites who pawned a creed they did not believe in on the credulous, for the purpose of individual advantage. The relaxation of the Popery laws enabled the Catholic clergy, in some measure, to counteract these false impressions; but they are indebted to the blind confidence of the enthusiasts, and the bigots, for an event which overthrew in a moment the fabric of two centuries, and by its suddenness caused a revulsion in public opinion, which would have required the ordinary operation of years to effect.

We allude, of course, to the Bible-battles. The people of England beheld, with perfect astonishment, the talents displayed by the Catholic clergy in these contests; and not, perhaps, without some chagrin, saw them victorious over their bewildered assailants. In vain Trinity college sent forth a fellow, and Powerscourt its rector. In vain Protestants ministers of all denominations united, and moved together to the contest: the priests calmly awaited their onset, and defeated them almost without an effort. They did this, not so much because they advocated the better side, but because they displayed a greater erudition—a more intimate acquaintance with history—and a deeper knowledge of human nature. Their display of theological learning astonished even their friends; and, perhaps, the occasion elicited talents, till then hardly known to themselves. Their opponents soon saw that they had mistaken their men; and, as if by general consent, the less skilful withdrew, and left the retreat to be conducted by a few ‘chosen vessels,’ whose tenacity to the cause would, if possible, induce them to have at least the last word.

Unwilling to be thought vanquished, some of the more intelligent of the Biblicals appealed to the press. With this engine, as an instrument of defence, the Catholic clergy had been

comparatively unacquainted, but the effectual use they made of it on this occasion leaves only regret that they had not much earlier enlisted it in their service. In one of our earlier numbers we expressed an opinion different from that given by the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, respecting the utility of the discussions then carrying on. We anticipated many advantages from them, and though immediate animosities might be expected, we confidently assured ourselves that they would terminate, and we still adhere to this opinion, in perfect cordiality. Respect or friendship can exist only where there is something approaching to equality, at least in intellect or attainments; and how was this equality to be established between the Catholic and Protestant clergymen, but by a trial of mental strength? Hitherto the ministers of the Established Church had looked down upon the priests with a kind of hereditary contempt—of silent scorn; they could hardly regard them as Christian ministers, and either believed, or affected to believe, that the popular opinion among Protestants, respecting grossness of manners and disgraceful ignorance, was founded in truth. The act of recognizing them as opponents was giving up much of their former prejudices; and when compelled, by the force of public opinion, to admit their claims to the title of scholars and gentlemen—if not to acknowledge their literary and theological superiority, will any man attempt to argue that they will, in future, be less respectful towards them, or less inclined to do justice to their merits? Will not the same thing take place in this instance, as has ever taken place under similar circumstances? When boys, we always preserved the respect of our school-fellows by drubbing such as attempted to crow over us; and, perhaps, our own good manners were not a little indebted to similar arguments occasionally inflicted upon ourselves. We leave the reader to apply the inference to ‘children of a larger growth,’ as some one has called those lords of the creation—men.

But we are no longer obliged to draw upon abstract reasoning for proofs of the proposition. We have

them in the change of British sentiment respecting the Catholic clergy. Their eulogy has been pronounced in the senate of the nation ; the most furious of the fanatics have admitted their attainments, and the press has paid an unwilling tribute to their useful influence, whilst the public mind in England has undergone, in their behalf, a most material change. Is all this nothing? Could more have rationally been desired? Respect once secured, all that is wanted is a 'clear stage and no favour.' It would be insulting their understanding and their patriotism to suppose for an instant that they would relax in a course so beneficial to their country, and so useful to the cause of real religion.

Amongst those who have most distinguished themselves in the Biblical controversy, the Rev. Mr. Kinsella, of Carlow College, stands conspicuous. His letters to the Rev. Mr. Pope, Rev. Mr. Daly, Dr. Singer, and others, form the volume before us. In the hands of a London publisher, it would have reached us in the form of two portly volumes, but it appears they are not up to the secrets of trade in Dublin, otherwise we should have had to pay twenty shillings instead of four shillings and sixpence. Our business, however, is not with the price but the matter; and this has given us so much satisfaction that had we more leisure, and our publisher in better humour with the times, we should undertake, with the help of a scissors and some paste, to manufacture, without scarcely infringing on Mr. Scully's copyright, a very pretty duodecimo out of these letters, to be called 'The Beauties of Kinsella.'

Let it not, however, be supposed

that we say this in a spirit of levity. Mr. Kinsella has commanded the respect of his learned opponents; and though it may be very possible that we are unable properly to appreciate the extent of his scholastic acquirements, we, nevertheless, recognise that degree of 'mind' in these letters, which, wherever encountered, is entitled to more than ordinary deference. Mr. Kinsella is—and Dr. Singer has no doubt long since discovered the secret—a divine of no common calibre. His manner is certainly the best adapted for controversy that we have ever noticed. Charles Butler is courteous but feeble, and though the late Dr. Milner hit hard, it was from right to left, without much regard to persons. Mr. Kinsella, however, is not inferior to the one in good manners, nor to the other in energy. He lays his adversary prostrate while he makes a bow, and allows him to rise only to repeat another good-humoured blow. Like Paley, his style is singularly clear, and not inferior in grace to some of our most celebrated prose writers, who have distinguished themselves by ease and fluency. We would willingly illustrate these remarks by extracts, but the popularity these letters have already deservedly attained, renders such a course unnecessary. We conclude by hoping—not in the usual common place phrase—but with every sincerity, that we shall soon meet Mr. Kinsella again. In Ireland his triumph is complete. The cause in which he is engaged must now be fought in England; and we should be happy to see him enter the lists with the thousand and one opponents of Mr. Charles Butler, in the 'Book of the Church' controversy.

#### SCENES IN THE SHADES.

##### NAPOLEON, LORD BYRON, AND THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

*Napoleon*—You, Alexander, happen to be among our latest arrivals; you are the most distinguished of our new visitors—tell me, then, how was the good cause of kings and courtiers getting on when you left the earth? that ill-fated spot that you and I and other diadem'd fools have so often desolated and disturbed.

*Alexander*—In sad seriousness, my friend, for such I will now call you,

the Earth and its inhabitants appear to be getting weary of kings, and courts, and courtiers. Men are looking with a close eye upon the progress of things in the Western world, they see that people can be free, and happy, and powerful, under a government that does its work for a few thousands annually—a government that thinks stars, and garters, and ribands, and titles, and sinecures, unnecessary. Example has a powerful effect, and if the old governments of

Europe won't improve themselves, the multitude, in all likelihood, will take the management of affairs into their own hands; this would be a sad business for the race that fatten on the offal of palaces.

*Byron*—Sad indeed! but to this, in despite of them, must they come at last. There is a spirit going forward that all the armed mercenaries of the North and the South cannot subdue; there is, as our own bard has it, 'a tide in the affairs of men.' They are now watching it, and, believe me, they will take it at the height: the press is operating with an effect that may be called supernatural; it is, in reality, like a second sun brightening and cheering the children of men—illuminating the gloomiest recesses of the earth, and compelling the bloated and ill-omened reptiles, who throng in the general darkness, to crawl slowly to their holes and their hiding places.

*Napoleon*—Ha! Byron, you were always an enthusiast—ever restless and eccentric.

*Byron*—Granted, but my enthusiasm usually leaned to the right side; my restlessness or eccentricity produced no injury to the world. I was as ambitious as yourself, but my ambition was of a purer character; I sought to improve and preserve mankind, you seemed to live only to destroy and degrade them; but, don't misunderstand me, if you had in your nature a touch of the tyrant, you had also many redeeming qualities. If men must sometimes yield to despotism, it is something to think that it is a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Napoleon that subdues them; but to be trampled upon by an ideot—to be scourged by a coward, or governed by a brainless driveller, even though right-royally begotten—this is too much for flesh and blood to bear. But, see! yonder moves the pink of princes, the king of cooks, Louis XVIII.

*Alexander*—Let us avoid the dotard. (*Exeunt.*)

*Enter Louis XVIII<sup>th</sup>. wrapped in flannels.*

*Louis*—Oh! for my own world again! Oh! for the fleshpots of Egypt. Oh! for the pies of Perigord! Kingdoms for a dish of stewed lampreys. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Joanna Southcott, Madame Krudener, and Joseph Butterworth.*

*Joanna*—Hear ye! hear ye! am I

not the woman spoken of in the Revelations? Am I not the woman?

*Butterworth*—Yes! the woman that by her impositions made fools of half the people of London.

*Joanna*—I it was who wrote the Book of Wonders: but the wonder of wonders was the support I had; the learned, the titled, and the gay, felt happy in being duped.

*Krudener*—I, Joanna, had my disciples also. Yonder goes Alexander himself, he who once bowed to my authority; but he is in bad company now—Byron and Napoleon—fellows that have not the smallest respect for the chosen of the Lord.

*Butterworth*—Holy woman! Holy woman! that Byron is a miserable reprobate. In the upper world he was constantly sneering at the doings of the 'Lord's dear people'; he suspected them, and he watched over their proceedings; he was impudent enough to suppose that they troubled themselves about the dirty dross of the earth—silver and gold: he thought they sometimes collected large subscriptions that were afterwards lavished upon pet preachers; and he doubted the correctness of their Missionary Reports—he placed no faith in the letters of their correspondents, where wonderful things were mentioned concerning Mr. —, at —, isn't this intolerable?

*Krudener*—Well, holy brother, I must say that I think some of your English missionary societies expend their money to very little purpose; among the Hindoos, for instance, where the saving of about a dozen black souls will often cost them nine or ten thousand pounds.

*Butterworth*—Worthy sister, we don't reckon much upon India now; Ireland is the soil to which the saints turn their holy eyes just at present; it is a poor benighted land—an howling wilderness—a region of darkness filled with bats and owls, who instinctively shun the light—but there the dear brethren are spreading the mathematics, languages, drawing, fencing, above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at the Palais Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor devil half naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-

dings of salvation. A pious bookseller has printed twenty thousand copies of the Irish Bible, for which he has been well paid; and these, when distributed, shall regenerate the island: already there have been five persons found who can read Irish. Our preachers, too, have got on in a most cheering way. During my stay at Dover, I had a long letter from that dear man, the Rev. William Wallaway, and he declares to me that, during the last three years, he has made two converts—two ragged boys it seems. One of them had been

brought to call his father ‘a poor Popish idolater,’ and the other had manfully declared that he didn’t care a pin for priest or bishop: such tidings were truly cheering.

*Joanna*—Popery! popery! oh! it is a terrible religion! Poor benighted Ireland! when shall thy millions be saved? When shall the Saints possess the land? Yea, according to my own prediction, the period speedily approaches: the spirit comes upon me! the divine afflatus is operating. Glory! Glory! Glory! (Sings.)

Let Popery fade from the earth,  
Let the dark idolater sit forlorn;  
For the world hath heard of a blessed birth,  
Lo! Shilo himself is born:  
Let Parson Towzer again  
Hold forth with might and main;  
Let Reece his drugs prepare,  
The ‘chosen one’ is his care;  
Be the cradles again brought in,  
For the nursing must begin;  
Let the beard of the people be worn  
Untouched, unshaved, unshorn;  
For she of whom Prophets spoke  
Hath thrown off Death’s dark yoke;  
She goes to the world once more,  
To the crowds she gulled before;  
And the shout of that crowd shall be,  
All hail, Joanna! all hail to thee!

*Butterworth*—All hail, Joanna! all hail! may Popery fall before thee.

*Enter Doctor Paddy Duigenan.*

*Doctor*—Stuff! you silly woman; let Popery alone! fools like you and Butterworth here know nothing of the matter. I have been bred a Papist; I changed for certain weighty reasons, but I might have done as well had I remained true to my old creed. Where now is my ten thousand a year?

*Butterworth*—Gone to the dogs, doctor! gone like all my senatorial speculations. Oh! ye vile dogs of Dover, why was I deserted?

*Doctor*—How is it possible, my dear Joe, that the Dover business

should press so heavily on you, one so saturated with sanctity—so encased in grace—so steeled in righteousness. Why should this matter thus afflict you?

*Butterworth*—Alas! doctor dear, flesh is weak.

*Doctor*—Very true! very true! but it seems the wags of London are busy with your name just now. A news-vender who was landed here this morning brought a few squibs with him. Byron, you know, has been doing some little matters here; but this comes directly from the upper world. I always hated Poetry, the word looks so like Popery; but this hit at you made me laugh—here it is. (Reads.)

#### THE DIRGE OF THE SAINTS.

Oh! what the devil will the brethren do!  
For Death has clapped his paw on holy Joe;  
He’s gone and left them in a cursed stew,  
For few could pay, or preach, or wheedle so.

Let Thady Connellan roar out Whillaloo !  
 And stretch his sweet potatoe face in woe ;  
 Home ! home ! the half-made hypocrite must go.  
 Home with him too the half-trained saints must steer,  
 For blast the business now the boys have here.  
 With fresh-pulled onions let them rub their eyes,  
 While thus in swaddling phrase they moralise,  
 ‘ All flesh is grass, soon passing to decay,  
 Great is our loss—‘ What’s Butter-worth\* to-day ?’

Say to what patron now shall turncoats fly ?  
 Where shall the priest’s traducers trace a friend ?  
 Where shall feigned converts hawk the clumsy lie ?  
 Who shall the tribe of hypocrites defend ?  
 Well may the worthies of Kildare Street weep ;  
 Low lies their champion in his dreamless sleep ;  
 His prosing and his preaching at an end—  
 His call, his craft, his cant, all passed away—  
 He’s gone ! he’s gone ! ‘ What’s Butter-worth to-day ?’

Oh ! curse ye all ! ye cruel dogs of Dover,  
 Who sneeringly beheld the saint go down ;  
 May saving grace or godliness ne’er hover  
 O’er the vile reprobates that throng your town :  
 Ye crushed him in the budding of renown,  
 And without pity saw him quite done over ;  
 Beneath that blow his pious heart gave way—  
 He’s gone ! he’s gone ! ‘ What’s Butter-worth to-day.’

Oh ! murder ! murder ! where’s the sturdy voice,  
 That with mere sound the sense of senates met ?  
 Where’s he who bade the multitude rejoice ?  
 For bulls from Rome had not devoured them yet.  
 Where’s he that through his hour did fume and fret  
 About the Pope, that grisly bugaboo—  
 The jesuits, monks, and all that gloomy crew ?  
 Where’s he who still remembered to forget  
 In all his long harangues that blessed text—  
 The best of guides from this world to the next—  
 The text that unto all enjoins ‘ fair play,’  
 He’s gone ! he’s gone ! ‘ What’s Butter-worth to-day ?’

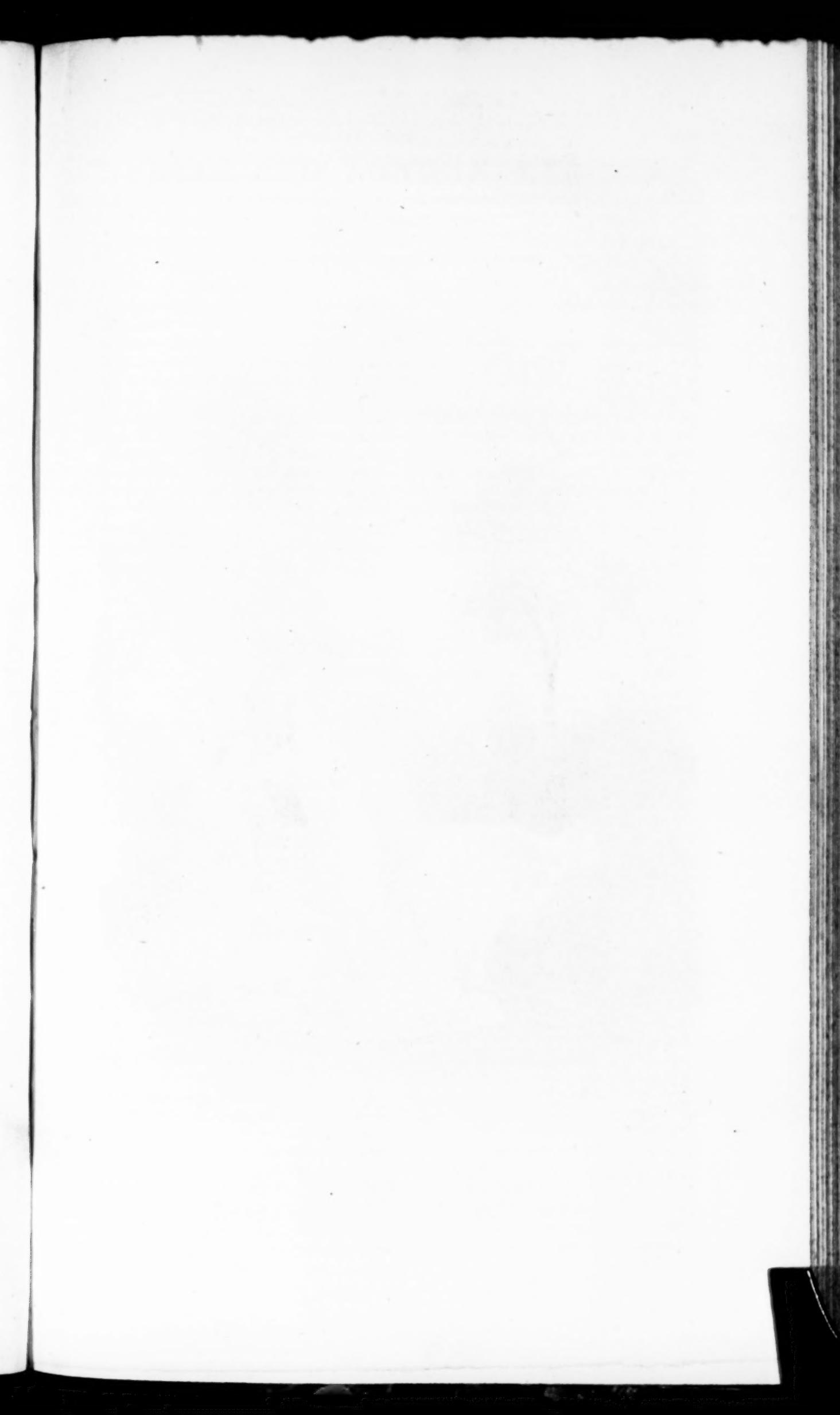
They tell us he was ‘ limbs unto the weak ;’  
 Nay, more, that ‘ he was eyes unto the blind.’  
 It makes one sick to see the fuss they make  
 About these creatures of the canting kind.  
 Hath Joe no meeting-mongers left be-hind,  
 The extra cash of pious fools to take ?  
 They’ll find collectors while their dupes can pay,  
 But, ‘ blood-an-ounze,’ what’s Butter-worth to-day ?

Oh, Sir John Newport !—

*Doctor*—Here Joe, my dear, is a sad disaster ; this newsvender, it seems, wanted to light his pipe on the way, and used the end of this squib for the purpose—this is really vexatious.

*Butterworth*—Doctor, dear, there is too much of it—but here comes that teasing fellow, Byron—let us shun him—he is too satirical for our society. (*Exeunt.*)

\* The ‘John Bull’ says this is the question in Leadenhall market, ‘ What’s Butter-worth to-day ?’





The White